Mrs M Paterson

No. 22.] [AUGUST.] [Price 1s.

THE VIRGINIANS

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

Author of "Esmond,"
"Vanity Fair,"
"The Newcomes,"
&c. &c.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.
1859.

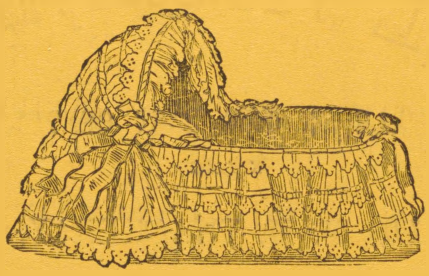
☞ The Author reserves the right of Translation.

CHRISTENING-ROBES FOR PRESENTS,
2½ GUINEAS.

BABIES'

HOODS,

½ GUINEA.



BABIES'

CLOAKS,

1 GUINEA.

BABIES' BERCEAU-NETTES, 2½ GUINEAS.

Baby Linen, in Complete Sets, of Varied Qualities.
All the beautiful Materials
used in the business
Sold by the Yard.

MARRIAGE OUTFITS COMPLETE.

Everything necessary for the "Trousseau,"
as well as the inexpensive things required for the
"Indian Voyage."
White Dressing Gowns, 1 Guinea;
Cotton Hosiery, 2s. 6d.;
Patent Corsets, 16s. 6d.;
Real Balbriggan Hosiery.
THIS PART OF THE BUSINESS UNDER THE
MANAGEMENT OF MRS. TAYLOR.

LADIES' RIDING TROUSERS,

Chamois Leather, with Black Feet.

Waterproof Riding Talma, 1½ Guinea.
Young Gentlemen's Superfine Cloth Jackets, 35s.;
School ditto, 25s.
Young Gentlemen's Shirts, 5s. 6d.
Naval Cadets' Outfits, complete.

RIDING HABITS, 5½ TO 8 GUINEAS.

Linsey Riding Habits
for little Girls,
2¼ Guineas.

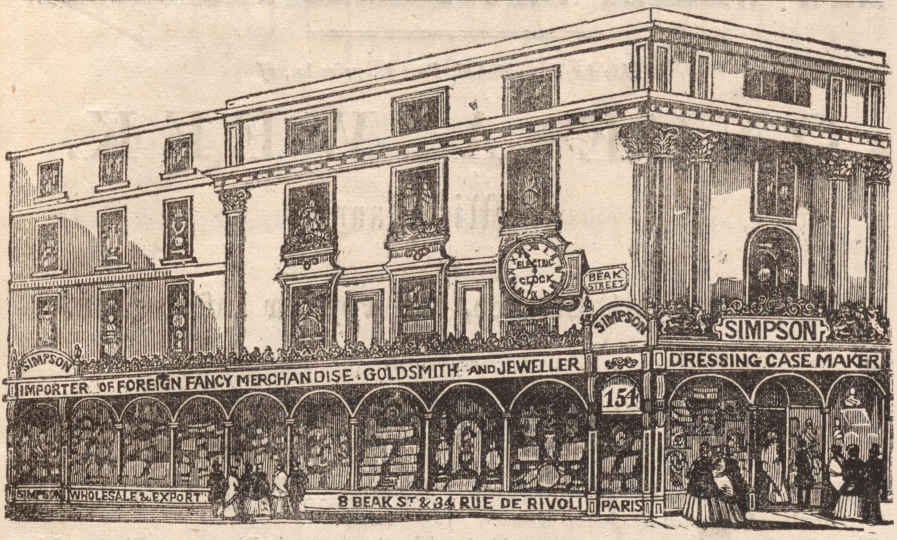
Everything of the Superior Excellence for which the House has been celebrated for Thirty Years.

53, BAKER STREET.

W. G. TAYLOR.

No. XXII.—August, 1859.

VIRGINIANS ADVERTISER.



T. A. SIMPSON & CO.

154, REGENT STREET, AND 8, BEAK STREET.

WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

T. A. SIMPSON & CO., Goldsmiths, Jewellers, Watch and Clock Manufacturers, and Importers of every description of Fancy Novelties and Articles of Vertù and Utility, respectfully inform their Patrons, and the Public generally, that they are constantly receiving from their agents at Paris, Vienna, and Frankfort, every novelty in fancy manufactures as soon as produced, and as the greater portion of T. A. S. & Co.'s stock is manufactured expressly for them, their selection is unrivalled.

For the guidance of those who may be unable to honour their establishment with a visit, T. A. S. & Co. submit the following limited quotation from their Stock, assuring them that any commands intrusted to their care will meet with their best and prompt attention:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
French Drawing-room Clocks, from	2	2	0	to	50	0	0
French Dining-room Clocks ... ,,	1	5	0	,,	20	0	0
Ladies' Gold Watches..... ,,	4	4	0	,,	50	0	0
Silver Watches..... ,,	2	10	0	,,	20	0	0
Gold Guard Chains..... ,,	2	2	0	,,	18	0	0
Gold Albert Chains..... ,,	1	15	0	,,	18	0	0
Silver-mounted Smelling Bottles ,,	0	2	6	,,	5	10	0
Gold-mounted ditto ..... ,,	2	10	0	,,	12	10	0
Gold and Enamel Lockets..... ,,	0	10	0	,,	15	0	0
Gold Necklet Chains, with pendants ..... ,,	2	5	0	,,	50	0	0
Gold and Silver Pencil-cases... ,,	0	2	6	,,	8	10	0
Full Dress and other Fans ... ,,	0	1	0	,,	10	0	0
Ladies' Dressing-cases, electro-plated..... ,,	1	10	0	,,	15	0	0
Ladies' Dressing-cases, silver-fitted ..... ,,	5	10	0	,,	100	0	0
Gentlemen's Dressing-cases ... ,,	1	0	0	,,	50	0	0

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Work-boxes, in choice woods, from	0	8	6	to	10	0	0
Writing-desks, ditto ..... ,,	0	10	6	,,	15	0	0
Jewel-cases and Caskets..... ,,	1	1	0	,,	30	0	0
Envelope cases and Blotters... ,,	1	8	0	,,	10	0	0
Letter-weighers (Simpson's) ... ,,	0	8	6	,,	6	10	0
Walnut-wood Inkstands ..... ,,	0	8	6	,,	16	10	0
Morocco Carriage Bags ..... ,,	0	10	0	,,	10	0	0
Ladies' Morocco Bags, fitted with every requisite for dressing, writing, and working ... ,,	3	10	0	,,	65	0	0
Gentlemen's Dressing Bags ... ,,	3	15	0	,,	45	0	0
Opera-glasses ..... ,,	0	10	6	,,	12	10	0
Bronze and Ormolu Candle-sticks ..... ,,	0	5	0	,,	9	10	0
Ditto Candelabra... ..... ,,	3	0	0	,,	35	0	0
Ormolu Card-trays ..... ,,	0	7	6	,,	4	10	0
Ormolu Mounted Vases..... ,,	0	6	6	,,	10	0	0
Bagatelle Boards..... ,,	2	0	0	,,	20	0	0

Gold, Silver, Jet, and Gilt Bracelets, Brooches, Rings, Necklets, Lockets, Earrings, Studs, Pins, and every description of Jewellery, at moderate prices. Bronzes, Porcelains, Ormolu Table Ornaments, Inkstands, Card-trays, Candelabra, Tazzas, Tapers, Match-boxes, Miniature Frames for the Table, Opera-glasses, Toilet-bottles and Cases, Letter-clips, Trinket-boxes, Ring-stands, Watch-stands, Pen-trays, Glove and Netting-boxes, Paper-knives, Carriage-bags, Reticules, Portmonnaies, Chess and Backgammon-boards, Card-cases, Vinaigrettes, Fuzee-cases, Fruit-knives, Hand-screens, &c., &c., and a large Stock of other Articles suitable for Presents, but too various to enumerate.

T. A. Simpson & Co. invite particular attention to their Self-closing Bookslide, the ends of which spring together when any book is released; price from 18s. 6d. to £6 10s.—Also to their application of the new Algerine wood, "Thuya Impériale," to the manufacture of Envelope-cases, Blotting-books, Inkstands, Work-boxes, &c. &c. This wood is of the most beautiful figure, surpassing even tortoiseshell or the choicest Walnut Wood, and has been extensively used in fitting up the Boudoir of the Empress Eugénie at St. Cloud.

T. A. SIMPSON & Co.,

154, Regent Street, and 8, Beak Street, London, and at 34, Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

NEW WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL.

This day is published, Part I., price 1s., *of*

ONCE A WEEK.

A Miscellany

OF

Literature, Art, Science, and Popular Information.

ILLUSTRATED BY

LEECH, TENNIEL, MILLAIS, H. K. BROWNE, C. KEENE, WOLF, &c., &c.

A Good Fight. Chapters I. to VIII. By Charles Reade. Illustrated by Charles Keene.
The Grandmother's Apology. By Alfred Tennyson. Illustrated by J. E. Millais.
Our Farm of Two Acres. Chapters I. and II. By Harriet Martineau.
English Projectiles. In Three Chapters. By W. B. Adams.
Audun and his White Bear. By G. W. Dasent. Illustrated by John Tenniel.
The Tail of a Tadpole; and Spontaneous Generation. By G. H. Lewes.
Once a Week; and An Election Story. By Shirley Brooks. Illustrated by John Leech.
Man among the Mammoths. With an Illustration.
Magenta. By Tom Taylor. Illustrated by J. E. Millais.
Snakes and their Prey. By Arthur Clarence.
Garibaldi. By A. A. Knox.
The Original Bun House. Illustrated by John Leech.
The Astronomer's Discovery. Illustrated by John Tenniel.
The Spider-Crab. By Edward Jesse.
The Song of Courtesy. By George Meredith. Illustrated by John Tenniel.
Night and Morning. Illustrated by John Leech.
Sketching the Castle. Illustrated by John Leech.
The Queen of the Arena. Illustrated by John Leech.
My Friend the Governor. Illustrated by John Tenniel.
Guests at the Red Lion. Illustrated by C. Keene.
On the Water. Illustrated by J. E. Millais.
An Old Church Library. By Charles Knight.
Candle Making. By Dr. Wynter.
Wine. By Philœnus.

LONDON: BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.

NEW WORK ON AMERICA, BY COLLEY GRATTAN.

In Two Vols., Demy 8vo, with a coloured Map, price 28s.,

CIVILIZED AMERICA.

BY THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN,

Late Her Britannic Majesty's Consul for the State of Massachusetts; Honorary Member of the American Institute, the New York and Boston Historical Societies, &c. &c.; Author of a "History of the Netherlands," "Highways and Byeways," &c.

"A considerable period of time has elapsed since any work on America so carefully prepared as the one to be noticed has issued from the English press."—*Athenæum.*

BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.

NEW WORK, ILLUSTRATED BY LEECH.

A LITTLE TOUR IN IRELAND.

BEING A

VISIT TO DUBLIN, GALWAY, CONNAMARA, ATHLONE, LIMERICK, KILLARNEY, GLENGARRIFF, CORK, &c., &c., &c.

BY AN OXONIAN.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN LEECH.

[*In the Press.*

LONDON: BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.

NEW SPORTING WORK, ILLUSTRATED BY LEECH.

This day is published, price 1*s.*, *uniform with "Sponge's Tour." No. II. of*

"PLAIN, OR RINGLETS?"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SPONGE'S TOUR," "ASK MAMMA," &c.

With Coloured Illustrations and Woodcuts by JOHN LEECH.

LONDON: BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.

Just published, Large 8*vo, Price* 21*s.*, *with* 200 *Illustrations of Interesting Objects.*

CATALOGUE OF ANTIQUITIES, WORKS OF ART, AND HISTORICAL SCOTTISH RELICS,

EXHIBITED IN THE MUSEUM OF

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND,

During their Annual Meeting, held in Edinburgh, July, 1856.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF H. R. H. THE PRINCE CONSORT, K.G.

COMPRISING NOTICES AND EXAMPLES OF THE PORTRAITS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, COLLECTED ON THAT OCCASION, ETC., ETC.

*** Her Majesty having graciously permitted the limited use of an Engraving of the Lennox Jewel executed for herself, copies of the Catalogue may be had, containing this subject illuminated in the highest style of Art, price £2 2s. Early application to the Publishers or to the Trade is recommended, as, owing to the elaborate nature of this Illustration, great care and skill are required in its execution, and it can, consequently, only be intrusted to few hands.

EDINBURGH: THOMAS CONSTABLE & CO. LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS, & CO.

CHARLES KNIGHT'S POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

This day is published, price 1*s.*, *Part* 42 *of*

THE

POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

THE FIVE VOLUMES of this History, which are now completed—having also been issued in *Forty Monthly Parts*—bring down the annals of our country from the Invasion of Cæsar to the Death of Queen Anne, It was the object of the author to close a volume at the period of the Accession of that Constitutional Dynasty under which these realms have now flourished for nearly a century and a-half. The remainder of his undertaking will form the

HISTORY OF ENGLAND UNDER THE HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK.

It is the author's intention to comprise this eventful era in Three Volumes, which will complete the entire work.

The first portion of this important work, from the Earliest Times to the Revolution of 1688, is complete in Four Volumes, with a copious Index, price 36s.

LONDON: BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.

NEW WORK, ILLUSTRATED BY NATURE-PRINTING.

Now ready, handsomely bound in cloth, royal 8vo, price 2l. 2s., Volume I. of

THE NATURE-PRINTED SEA-WEEDS.

Containing SEVENTY COLOURED NATURE-PRINTS, with Engraved Magnified Dissections of the whole species described in the Volume. The Descriptions by WILLIAM G. JOHNSTONE and ALEXANDER CROALL.

NATURE-PRINTED BY HENRY BRADBURY.

THE NATURE-PRINTED BRITISH SEA-WEEDS will form four handsome volumes, in royal octavo, consisting of about 220 plates, with the necessary letterpress, extending to about 960 pages.

The Text will be made as popular as is possible without the sacrifice of scientific accuracy, and will comprise in addition to a complete History of each species, a carefully prepared Synoptical Table of the Orders and Genera, and a systematical Synopsis of the Species. The latter half of the concluding volume will be devoted to a general view of the Structure and Uses of the Sea-Weed family, and a sketch of their Classification and Distribution; together with ample and intelligible Instructions for their Cultivation, for their Preservation in the Herbarium, and for their Preparation as objects for the Microscope. A Glossary of the technical terms used in the work will also be given.

These volumes will be issued at intervals of three months, namely, on the 14th June, the 31st August, the 30th November, 1859, and on the 29th February, 1860. The price of the volumes will be £2 2s. each.

*** *The First Volume of the British Ferns, price 2l. 2s., to be completed in Two Volumes, uniform with the above, will be ready early in August.*

LONDON: BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.

THE ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA.

(IN FOUR DIVISIONS.)

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES KNIGHT.

Publishing in Monthly Parts, Twenty-four in number; price 2s. 6d. each, and in Volumes, Six in number, at intervals of four months.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

*** The First Volume was published in May, price 12s.

The following Divisions are completed:

BIOGRAPHY.

Six Volumes, price 3l.; or in Three Volumes, half-bound morocco, 3l. 12s.

GEOGRAPHY.

Four Volumes, price 2l. 2s.; or, in Two Volumes, half-bound morocco, 2l. 10s.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Four Volumes, price 2l. 2s.; or, in Two Volumes, half-bound morocco, 2l. 10s.

*** Any Number or Part may be had separately.

LONDON: BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.

In One Large 8vo Volume, bound in cloth, price 16s.,

ORIGINAL UNPUBLISHED PAPERS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE LIFE OF

SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS,

AS AN ARTIST AND A DIPLOMATIST. PRESERVED IN H.M. STATE PAPER OFFICE.

With an Appendix of Documents respecting the Arundelian Collection; the Earl of Somerset's Collection; the Great Mantuan Collection; the Duke of Buckingham, Gentileschi, Gerbier, Honthorst, Le Sueur, Myttens, Torrentius, Vanderdoort, &c. &c.

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY W. NOËL SAINSBURY.

(OF H.M. STATE PAPER OFFICE.)

LONDON: BRADBURY AND EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.

PIESSE & LUBIN
PERFUMERY FACTORS.

GLYCERINE JELLY, *(2s. Jars.)*
Exquisite for the Hands and Skin. Renders them soft, white, and healthy.

2, New Bond Str.
LONDON.

PHILLIPSON & Co's NEW PERFUME

"LA DUCHESSE."

The most refreshing and durable of the day: for the Ball-room, indispensable; in the Sick room, invaluable. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*, obtainable of all Chemists and Vendors of Fashionable Perfumery throughout the United Kingdom, the Colonies, India, and America, or by letter to the Manufacturers, enclosing Post Office Order or stamps in England, or remittance from abroad. None genuine that has not their *signature* on the label (entered at Stationers' Hall). The POMADE, 3*s.* 6*d.*; the SOAP, 1*s.* 6*d.*; the OIL, 3*s.* 6*d.*; the COSMETIQUE FIXATEUR, 1*s.* and 2*s.*

Ask for PHILLIPSON & Co's, the only genuine.

1, Budge Row, St. Paul's, London, E.C.

To SHIPPERS and those going abroad—Assortments of Perfumery, for EVERY CLIMATE, from £10 to £100, ALWAYS READY. Catalogues free on application.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION
IS PRODUCED BY

GOWLAND'S LOTION.

LADIES exposed to the weather at this variable season, will, immediately on the application of this celebrated Preparation (established 101 years), experience its extraordinary genial qualities. It produces and sustains

GREAT PURITY AND DELICACY OF COMPLEXION,

removes freckles, tan, redness, and pimples, and promotes healthy action, softness, and elasticity of the skin, and is recommended in preference to any other preparation by the Medical Profession.

Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers. Half-pints, 2s. 9d.

CAUTION.—Observe the name of the Proprietor, E. C. BOURNE, 19, Lamb's Conduit Street, engraved on the Government Stamp.

Important to every man who keeps

THORLEY'S FOOD FOR CATTLE,
77, NEWGATE STREET, LONDON.
Beware of spurious imitations.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

METALLIC PEN MAKER TO THE QUEEN, BY ROYAL COMMAND.

JOSEPH GILLOTT

BEGS most respectfully to inform the Commercial World, Scholastic Institutions, and the Public generally that, by a novel application of his unrivalled Machinery for making Steel Pens, and, in accordance with the scientific spirit of the times, he has introduced a NEW SERIES of his useful productions, which, for EXCELLENCE OF TEMPER, QUALITY OF MATERIAL, and, above all, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, he believes will ensure universal approbation, and defy competition.

Each Pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality; and they are put up in the usual style of boxes, containing one gross each, with label outside, and the fac-simile of his signature.

At the request of persons extensively engaged in tuition, J. G. has introduced his

WARRANTED SCHOOL AND PUBLIC PENS,

which are especially adapted to their use, being of different degrees of flexibility, and with fine, medium, and broad points, suitable for the various kinds of Writing taught in Schools.

Sold Retail by all Stationers, Booksellers, and other respectable Dealers in Steel Pens.—Merchants and wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Graham Street; 96, New Street, Birmingham;

No. 91, JOHN STREET, NEW YORK; and at 37, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON.

THE GENTLEMEN'S REAL HEAD OF HAIR, OR INVISIBLE PERUKE.—The principle upon which this Peruke is made is so superior to everything yet produced, that the Manufacturer invites the honour of a visit from the Sceptic and the Connoisseur, that one may be convinced, and the other gratified, by inspecting this and other novel and beautiful specimens of the Peruquecian Art, at the Establishment of the Sole Inventor, F. BROWNE, 47, FENCHURCH STREET.

F. BROWNE'S INFALLIBLE MODE OF MEASURING THE HEAD.

		Inches.	Eighths.
Round the Head in manner of a fillet, leaving the Ears loose	As dotted 1 to 1.		
From the Forehead over to the poll, as deep each way as required	As dotted 2 to 2.		
From one Temple to the other, across the rise of Crown of the Head to where the Hair grows	As marked 3 to 3.		

THE CHARGE FOR THIS UNIQUE HEAD OF HAIR ONLY £1 10*s.*

RIMMEL'S TOILET VINEGAR

Supersedes Eau de Cologne as a Tonic and refreshing Lotion, a reviving Perfume for crowded places, and a powerful disinfectant. Price 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s.

RIMMEL'S JOCKEY CLUB, WOOD VIOLET, ROYAL EXCHANGE BOUQUET, STOCK EXCHANGE BOUQUET, NEW MOWN HAY, &c. are recommended for their sweet and lasting fragrance. Price 1s., 2s. 6d., and upwards.

RIMMEL'S HAIR DYE!

Is the only preparation that will give instantaneously a natural and permanent shade to the hair, whiskers, &c. Price 5s. 6d. and 6s.

RIMMEL'S PERFUMED ALMANACK of the Language of Flowers. Price 6d., by post for 7 stamps.

Sold by all Perfumers and Chemists.; and by E. RIMMEL, 96, Strand, and 24, Cornhill, London, and Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

SUMMER DIET.

"THIS is superior to anything of the kind known." —*Lancet.* Obtain it from Family Grocers, or Chemists, who do not substitute inferior articles; The most wholesome part of Indian Corn, it is preferred to the best Arrowroot; for Breakfast, boiled simply with milk; Dinner or Supper, in Puddings, warm or cold, Blancmange, with stewed fruit of all kinds, and especially suited to the delicacy of Children, and Invalids :—

Packets, 16oz., 8d.

Paisley.—77A, Market-st., Manchester. — Dublin. — and 23, Ironmonger-lane, London.

BROWN & POLSON'S

B P TRADE MARK

PATENT CORN FLOUR.

SLACK'S NICKEL ELECTRO-PLATE

Is a coating of Pure Silver over Nickel; manufactured solely by R. and J. SLACK. It has stood 15 years' test, and still retains its superiority over all others for durability and silver-like appearance.

PRICE OF A SERVICE, SILVER ELECTRO-PLATED.

	Electro-Plated Fiddle Pattern. £ s. d.	Strong Plated Fiddle Pattern. £ s. d.	Thread Pattern. £ s. d.	King's & Thread with Shell. £ s. d.
12 Table Forks	1 10 0	1 18 0	2 8 0	3 0 0
12 Dessert Forks	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 15 0	2 2 0
12 Table Spoons	1 10 0	1 18 0	2 8 0	3 0 0
12 Dessert Spoons	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 15 0	2 2 0
12 Tea Spoons	0 12 0	0 18 0	1 3 6	1 10 0
4 Salt Spoons	0 6 0	0 6 0	0 8 0	0 12 0
1 Mustard do.	0 1 6	0 1 6	0 2 0	0 3 0
6 Egg do.	0 9 0	0 12 0	0 15 0	0 18 0
1 Gravy Spoon	0 7 6	0 7 6	0 10 0	0 12 6
1 Soup Ladle	0 13 0	0 13 0	0 17 0	0 18 0
1 Fish Knife	0 13 0	0 13 0	0 15 6	0 18 6
1 Butter Knife	0 3 6	0 3 6	0 5 9	0 6 0
2 Sauce Ladles	0 7 0	0 7 0	0 10 0	0 11 0
1 Sugar Sifter	0 4 0	0 4 9	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Sugar Tongs	0 3 0	0 3 6	0 4 6	0 5 0
	£8 19 6	£11 5 9	£14 3 3	£17 5 6

Slack's Warranted Table Cutlery and Furnishing Ironmongery

Has been celebrated for nearly 50 years for QUALITY and CHEAPNESS.

RICHARD and JOHN SLACK solicit an inspection of their extensive Stock of Fenders, Fire Irons, Paper and Japan Tea Trays, Patent Dish Covers, Tea Urns, Baths, and every requisite in Furnishing Ironmongery, which from their simple but satisfactory plan of marking every article at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES consistent with quality, will fully convince Purchasers of the advantage of selecting from their Establishment.

Illustrated Priced Catalogues gratis and Post-free. Orders above £2 delivered Carriage-free per Rail.

RICHARD AND JOHN SLACK,

336, STRAND (Opposite Somerset House).

TOURISTS AND TRAVELLERS,

VISITORS to the SEA-SIDE, and others exposed to the scorching rays of the Sun, and heated particles of dust, will find

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

a most refreshing preparation for the Complexion, dispelling the cloud of languor and relaxation, allaying all heat and irritability, and immediately affording the pleasing sensation attending restored elasticity and healthful state of the skin.

Freckles, Tan, Spots, Pimples, Flushes, and Discoloration fly before its application, and give place to delicate clearness, with the glow of beauty and of bloom. In cases of sunburn, or stings of insects, its virtues have long been acknowledged.—Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

The heat of summer also frequently communicates a dryness to the hair, and a tendency to fall off, which may be completely obviated by the use of

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL,

A delightfully fragrant and transparent preparation for the Hair, and as an invigorator and purifier beyond all precedent.—The prices are 3s. 6d., 7s.; Family Bottles (equal to four small), 10s. 6d.; and double that size, 21s.

Nor at this season can we be too careful to preserve the Teeth from the deleterious effects of Vegetable Acids (an immediate cause of tooth-ache), by a systematic employment, night and morning, of

ROWLANDS' ODONTO,

OR PEARL DENTIFRICE,

a White Powder compounded of the rarest and most fragrant exotics. It bestows on the Teeth a pearl-like Whiteness, frees them from Tartar, and imparts to the Gums a healthy firmness, and to the breath a grateful sweetness and purity.—Price 2s. 9d. per bottle.

Sold by A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20, Hatton Garden, London,
AND BY CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS.

TRELOAR'S
COCOA NUT FIBRE MATTING
IS THE BEST.
PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED—LONDON, NEW YORK, AND PARIS.
Catalogues, containing Prices, and every particular, post free.
WAREHOUSE, 42, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.

A SAFE AND CERTAIN REMEDY FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, and other Affections of the Throat and Chest. In INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, and WINTER COUGH, they are unfailing. Being free from every hurtful ingredient, they may be taken *by the most delicate female or the youngest child;* while the PUBLIC SPEAKER and PROFESSIONAL SINGER will find them invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incidental to vocal exertion, and also a powerful auxiliary in the production of MELODIOUS ENUNCIATION.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIAL TO THE EFFICACY OF KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES IN RELIEVING PULMONARY AFFECTIONS.

Dawlish, Jan. 14, 1858.

SIR,—The very excellent properties of your Lozenges induce me to trouble you with another Testimonial on their behalf. All I can say is, that I have been more or less Consumptive for upwards of three years, and have tried a great number of lozenges to abate the Cough, but from none have I found such relief as from yours—even one of them will check the most violent attack. They are invaluable, and I strongly recommend them to persons suffering from a Cough or Cold on the Chest. Pray make any use of this you please if worth your while.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,
ABRAHAM TURNER.

To MR. KEATING.

RECENT TESTIMONIAL FROM A LADY.

25, *Bouverie Street, London, March* 31, 1858.

SIR,—I feel much pleasure in informing you of the great benefit I have received from your valuable Cough Lozenges. I have been in the habit of taking them when required, for some years, and can therefore speak confidently as to their efficacy, in my own case, never having found any other remedy for a cough of equal service.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
F. NELSON.

THOMAS KEATING, Esq.

Prepared and sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., and Tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chemist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London. Retail by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors in the World.

N.B.—To prevent spurious imitations, please to observe that the words "KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES" are engraven on the Government Stamp of each Box, without which none are genuine.

Removed to 5, Charing Cross.

EDMISTON'S POCKET SIPHONIA,

OR WATERPROOF OVERCOAT.

WEIGHT 10 oz.

Sole Manufacturers of the celebrated Pocket Siphonia, remarkable for its lightness and softness of texture, easily folded to carry in the Pocket or on Saddle; the most *important* feature in this *Waterproofing* consists in its being mineralised, which effectually resists the powerful heat of the sun and the most violent rains, also obviating the stickiness and unpleasant smell peculiar to all other Waterproofs.—Price, according to size, 40s. to 50s.; all silk throughout, 50s. Measurement, length of coat, and size round the chest.

Stout Siphonias, 35s. Leggings, 10s. 6d. Shooting Boots, Fishing-Stockings, Portable folding Baths, Air Beds, Water Beds for Invalids, Pillows, &c. Portable India-rubber Boats, designed expressly for the Indian rivers, to carry one or more persons, weighing from 10 to 40 lbs. Price £7 10s., £10 10s., and £18 18s., folding in a compass of 3 feet.

NOTICE.—NAME & ADDRESS STAMPED INSIDE. NONE OTHERS ARE GENUINE.

EDMISTON & SON, 5, CHARING CROSS.

LATE 69, STRAND.

PARASOLS.

THE Style and Fashion of Parasols having undergone a complete change during the last few years,

W. AND J. SANGSTER,

Have manufactured for the present season an unusual variety, comprising, among others, the following, viz:—

The EMPRESS . . .	for the Carriage or Fête.
„ SULTANA . . .	ditto.
„ PERSIAN . . .	ditto.
„ IRISH LACE . .	ditto.
„ CHINA CRAPE .	ditto.
„ BROCADED LYONS SILKS	ditto.
„ MOIRE ANTIQUE	for Walking.
„ GLACÉ	ditto.

SUN SHADES in Silk as well as Alpaca, of various colours.

140, REGENT STREET; 75, CHEAPSIDE;
94, FLEET STREET; 10, ROYAL EXCHANGE.

WARRINGTON MANOR.

FLAT REBELLION.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN WHICH HARRY SUBMITS TO THE COMMON LOT.

HARD times were now over with me, and I had to battle with poverty no more. My little kinsman's death made a vast difference in my worldly prospects. I became next heir to a good estate. My uncle and his wife were not likely to have more children. "The woman is capable of committing any crime to disappoint you," Sampson vowed; but, in truth, my Lady Warrington was guilty of no such treachery. Cruelly smitten by the stroke which fell upon them, Lady Warrington was taught by her religious advisers to consider it as a chastisement of Heaven, and submit to the Divine Will. "Whilst your son lived, your heart was turned away from the better world" (her clergyman told her), "and your ladyship thought too much of this. For your son's advantage you desired rank and title. You asked and might have obtained an earthly coronet. Of what avail is it now, to one who has but a few years to pass upon earth—of what importance compared to the heavenly crown, for which you are an assured candidate?" The accident caused no little sensation. In the chapels of that enthusiastic sect, towards which, after her son's death, she now more than ever inclined; many sermons were preached bearing reference to the event. Far be it from me to question the course which the bereaved mother pursued, or to regard with

other than respect and sympathy any unhappy soul seeking that refuge whither sin and grief and disappointment fly for consolation. Lady Warrington even tried a reconciliation with myself. A year after her loss, being in London, she signified that she would see me, and I waited on her; and she gave me, in her usual didactic way, a homily upon my position and her own. She marvelled at the decree of Heaven, which had permitted, and how dreadfully punished! her poor child's disobedience to her—a disobedience by which I was to profit. (It appeared my poor little man had disobeyed orders, and gone out with his gun, unknown to his mother.) She hoped that, should I ever succeed to the property, though the Warringtons were, thank Heaven, a long-lived family, except in my own father's case, whose life had been curtailed by the excesses of a very ill-regulated youth,—but should I ever succeed to the family estate and honours, she hoped, she prayed, that my present course of life might be altered; that I should part from my unworthy associates; that I should discontinue all connection with the horrid theatre and its licentious frequenters; that I should turn to that quarter where only peace was to be had; and to those sacred duties which she feared—she very much feared—that I had neglected. She filled her exhortation with Scripture language, which I do not care to imitate. When I took my leave she gave me a packet of sermons for Mrs. Warrington, and a little book of hymns by Miss Dora, who has been eminent in that society of which she and her mother became avowed professors subsequently, and who, after the dowager's death, at Bath, three years since, married young Mr. Juffles, a celebrated preacher. The poor lady forgave me then, but she could not bear the sight of our boy. We lost our second child, and then my aunt and her daughter came eagerly enough to the poor suffering mother, and even invited us hither. But my uncle was now almost every day in our house. He would sit for hours looking at our boy. He brought him endless toys and sweetmeats. He begged that the child might call him Godpapa. When we felt our own grief (which at times still, and after the lapse of five-and-twenty years, strikes me as keenly as on the day when we first lost our little one)—when I felt my own grief, I knew how to commiserate his. But my wife could pity him before she knew what it was to lose a child of her own. The mother's anxious heart had already divined the pang which was felt by the sorrow-stricken father; mine, more selfish, has only learned pity from experience, and I was reconciled to my uncle by my little baby's coffin.

The poor man sent his coach to follow the humble funeral, and afterwards took out little Miles, who prattled to him unceasingly, and forgot any grief he might have felt in the delights of his new black clothes, and the pleasures of the airing. How the innocent talk of the child stabbed the mother's heart! Would we ever wish that it should heal of that wound? I know her face so well that, to this day, I can tell when, sometimes, she is thinking of the loss of that little one. It is not

a grief for a parting so long ago; it is a communion with a soul we love in Heaven.

We came back to our bright lodgings in Bloomsbury soon afterwards, and my young bear, whom I could no longer lead, and who had taken a prodigious friendship for Charley, went to the Chartreux School, where his friend took care that he had no more beating than was good for him, and where (in consequence of the excellence of his private tutor, no doubt) he took and kept a good place. And he liked the school so much, that he says, if ever he has a son, he shall be sent to that seminary.

Now, I could no longer lead my bear, for this reason, that I had other business to follow. Being fully reconciled to us, I do believe, for Mr. Miles's sake, my uncle (who was such an obsequious supporter of government, that I wonder the minister ever gave him anything, being perfectly sure of his vote) used his influence in behalf of his nephew and heir; and I had the honour to be gazetted as one of his Majesty's Commissioners for licensing hackney-coaches, a post I filled, I trust, with credit, until a quarrel with the minister (to be mentioned in its proper place) deprived me of *that* one. I took my degree also at the Temple, and appeared in Westminster Hall in my gown and wig. And, this year, my good friend, Mr. Foker, having business at Paris, I had the pleasure of accompanying him thither, where I was received *à bras ouverts* by my dear American preserver, Monsieur de Florac, who introduced me to his noble family, and to even more of the polite society of the capital than I had leisure to frequent; for I had too much spirit to desert my kind patron Foker, whose acquaintance lay chiefly amongst the bourgeoisie, especially with Monsieur Santerre, a great brewer of Paris, a scoundrel who hath since distinguished himself in blood and not beer. Mr. F. had need of my services as interpreter, and I was too glad that he should command them, and to be able to pay back some of the kindness which he had rendered to me. Our ladies, meanwhile, were residing at Mr. Foker's new villa at Wimbledon, and were pleased to say that they were amused with the "Parisian letters" which I sent to them, through my distinguished friend Mr. Hume, then of the Embassy, and which subsequently have been published in a neat volume.

Whilst I was tranquilly discharging my small official duties in London, those troubles were commencing which were to end in the great separation between our colonies and the mother country. When Mr. Grenville proposed his stamp duties, I said to my wife that the bill would create a mighty discontent at home, for we were ever anxious to get as much as we could from England, and pay back as little; but assuredly I never anticipated the prodigious anger which the scheme created. It was with us as with families or individuals. A pretext is given for a quarrel: the real cause lies in long bickerings and previous animosities. Many foolish exactions and petty tyrannies, the habitual insolence of Englishmen towards all foreigners, all colonists, all folk

who dare to think their rivers as good as our Abana and Pharpar; the natural spirit of men outraged by our imperious domineering spirit, set Britain and her colonies to quarrel; and the astonishing blunders of the system adopted in England brought the quarrel to an issue, which I, for one, am not going to deplore. Had I been in Virginia instead of London, 'tis very possible I should have taken the provincial side, if out of mere opposition to that resolute mistress of Castlewood, who might have driven me into revolt, as England did the colonies. Was the Stamp Act the cause of the revolution?—a tax no greater than that cheerfully paid in England. Ten years earlier, when the French where within our territory, and we were imploring succour from home, would the colonies have rebelled at the payment of this tax? Do not most people consider the tax-gatherer the natural enemy? Against the British in America there were arrayed thousands and thousands of the high spirited and brave, but there were thousands more who found their profit in the quarrel, or had their private reasons for engaging in it. I protest I don't know now whether mine were selfish or patriotic, or which side was in the right, or whether both were not? I am sure we in England had nothing to do but to fight the battle out; and, having lost the game, I do vow and believe that after the first natural soreness, the loser felt no rancour.

What made brother Hal write home from Virginia, which he seemed exceedingly loth to quit, such flaming patriotic letters? My kind best brother was always led by somebody; by me when we were together (he had such an idea of my wit and wisdom, that if I said the day was fine, he would ponder over the observation as though it was one of the sayings of the Seven Sages), by some other wiseacre when I was away. Who inspired these flaming letters, this boisterous patriotism, which he sent to us in London? "He is rebelling against Madam Esmond," said I. "He is led by some colonial person—by that lady, perhaps," hinted my wife. Who "that lady" was Hal never had told us; and, indeed, besought me never to allude to the delicate subject in my letters to him; "for Madam wishes to see 'em all, and I wish to say nothing *about you know what* until the proper moment," he wrote. No affection could be greater than that which his letters showed. When he heard (from the informant whom I have mentioned) that in the midst of my own extreme straits I had retained no more than a hundred pounds out of his aunt's legacy, he was for mortgaging the estate which he had just bought; and had more than one quarrel with his mother in my behalf, and spoke his mind with a great deal more frankness than I should ever have ventured to show. Until her angry recriminations (when she charged him with ingratitude, after having toiled and saved so much and so long for him), the poor fellow did not know that our mother had cut off my supplies to advance his interests; and by the time this news came to him his bargains were made, and I was fortunately quite out of want.

Every scrap of paper which we ever wrote, our thrifty parent at

Castlewood taped and docketted and put away. We boys were more careless about our letters to one another: I especially, who perhaps chose rather to look down upon my younger brother's literary performances; but my wife is not so supercilious, and hath kept no small number of Harry's letters, as well as those of the angelic being whom we were presently to call sister.

"To think whom he has chosen, and whom he might have had! O 'tis cruel!" cries my wife, when we got that notable letter in which Harry first made us acquainted with the name of his charmer.

"She was a very pretty little maid when I left home, she may be a perfect beauty now," I remarked, as I read over the longest letter Harry ever wrote on private affairs.

"But is she to compare to my Hetty?" says Mrs. Warrington.

"We agreed that Hetty and Harry were not to be happy together, my love," say I.

Theo gives her husband a kiss. "My dear, I wish they had tried," she says with a sigh. "I was afraid lest—lest Hetty should have led him, you see: and I think she hath the better head. But, from reading this, it appears that the new lady has taken command of poor Harry," and she hands me the letter.

"My dearest George hath been prepared by previous letters to understand how a certain lady has made a conquest of my heart, which I have given away in exchange for something infinitely more valuable, *namely, her own.* She is at my side as I write this letter, and if there is no bad spelling such as you often used to laugh at, 'tis because I have my pretty dictionary at hand, which makes no faults in the longest word, nor *in anything* else I know of: being of opinion that she is *perfection.*

"As Madam Esmond saw all your letters, I writ you not to give any hint of a certain delicate matter—but now *'tis no secret,* and is known to all the country. Mr. George is not the only one of our family who has made a secret marriage, and been scolded by his mother. As a dutiful younger brother I *have followed his example;* and now I may tell you how this mighty event came about.

"I had not been at home long before I saw *my fate was accomplisht.* I will not tell you how beautiful Miss Fanny Mountain had grown since I had been away in Europe. She saith, 'You *never will think so,*' and I am glad, as she is the only thing in life I would grudge to my dearest brother.

"That neither Madam Esmond nor my *other* mother (as Mountain is now) should have seen our mutual attachment, is a wonder—only to be accounted for by supposing that love makes other folks blind. Mine for my Fanny was increased by seeing what the treatment was she had from Madam Esmond, who indeed was very rough and haughty with her, which my love bore with a sweetness perfectly angelic (this I will say, though she will order me not to write any such nonsense). She was scarce better treated than a servant of the house—indeed our

negroes can talk much more free before Madam Esmond than ever my Fanny could.

"And yet my Fanny says she doth not regret Madam's unkindness, as without it I possibly never should have been what I am to her. O, dear brother! when I remember how great your goodness hath been, how, in my own want, you paid my debts, and rescued me out of prison; how you have been living in poverty which never need have occurred but for my fault; how you might have paid yourself back my just debt to you and would not, preferring my advantage to your own comfort, indeed I am lost at the thought of such goodness; and ought I not to be thankful to Heaven that hath given me such a wife and such a brother!

"When I writ to you requesting you to send me my aunt's legacy money, for which indeed I had the most profitable and urgent occasion, I had no idea that you were yourself suffering poverty. That you, the head of our family, should condescend to be governor to a brewer's son!—that you should have to write for booksellers (except in so far as your own genius might prompt you) never once entered my mind, until Mr. Foker's letter came to us, and this would never have been shown—for Madam kept it secret—had it not been for the difference which sprang up between us.

"Poor Tom Diggle's estate and negroes being for sale, owing to Tom's losses and extravagance at play, and his father's debts before him—Madam Esmond saw here was a great opportunity of making a provision for me, and that with six thousand pounds for the farm and stock, I should be put in possession of as pretty a property as falls to most younger sons in this country. It lies handy enough to Richmond, between Kent and Hanover Court House—the mansion nothing for elegance compared to ours at Castlewood, but the land excellent and the people extraordinary healthy.

"Here was a second opportunity, Madam Esmond said, such as never might again befal. By the sale of my commissions and her own savings I might pay more than half of the price of the property, and get the rest of the money on mortgage; though here, where money is scarce to procure, it would have been difficult and dear. At this juncture, with our new relative, Mr. Van den Bosch, bidding against us (his agent is wild that we should have bought the property over him), my aunt's legacy most opportunely fell in. And now I am owner of a good house and negroes in my native country, shall be called, no doubt, to our House of Burgesses, and hope to see my dearest brother and family under my own roof-tree. To sit at my own fireside, to ride my own horses to my own hounds, is better than going a-soldiering, now war is over, and there are no French to fight. Indeed, Madam Esmond made a condition that I should leave the army, and live at home, when she brought me her £1750 of savings. She had lost one son, she said, who chose to write play-books, and live in England—let the other stay with her at home.

"But, after the purchase of the estate was made, and my papers for selling out were sent home, my mother would have had me marry a person of *her* choosing, but by no means of mine. You remember Miss Betsy Pitts at Williamsburgh? She is in no wise improved by having had her face dreadfully scarred with small-pock, and though Madam Esmond saith the young lady hath every virtue, I own her virtues did not suit me. Her eyes do not look straight; she hath one leg shorter than another; and, O, brother! didst thou never remark Fanny's ankles when we were boys? *Neater I never saw at the Opera.*

"Now, when 'twas agreed that I should leave the army, a certain dear girl (canst thou guess her name?) one day, when we were private, burst into tears of such happiness, that I could not but feel immensely touched by her sympathy.

"'Ah!' says she, 'do you think, sir, that the idea of the son of my revered benefactress going to battle doth not inspire me with terror? Ah, Mr. Henry! do you imagine I have no heart? When Mr. George was with Braddock, do you fancy we did not pray for him? And when you were with Mr. Wolfe—O!'

"Here the dear creature hid her eyes in her handkerchief, and had hard work to prevent her mama, who came in, from seeing that she was crying. But my dear Mountain declares that, though she might have fancied, might have prayed in secret for such a thing (she owns to that now), she never imagined it for one moment. Nor, indeed, did my good mother, who supposed that Sam Lintot, the apothecary's lad at Richmond, was Fanny's flame—an absurd fellow that I near kicked into James River.

"But when the commission was sold, and the estate bought, what does Fanny do but fall into a deep melancholy? I found her crying, one day, in her mother's room, where the two ladies had been at work trimming hats for my negroes.

"'What! crying, miss?' says I. 'Has my mother been scolding you?'

"'No,' says the dear creature. 'Madam Esmond has been kind to-day.'

"And her tears drop down on a cockade which she is sewing on to a hat for Sady, who is to be head-groom.

"'Then why, miss, are those dear eyes so red?' say I.

"'Because I have the toothache,' she says, 'or because—because I am a fool.' Here she fairly bursts out. 'O, Mr. Harry! O, Mr. Warrington! You are going to leave us, and 'tis as well. You will take your place in your country, as becomes you. You will leave us poor women in our solitude and dependence. You will come to visit us from time to time. And when you are happy, and honoured, and among your gay companions, you will remember your . . . .'

"Here she could say no more, and hid her face with one hand as I, I confess, seized the other.

"'Dearest, sweetest Miss Mountain!' says I. 'O, could I think

that the parting from me has brought tears to those lovely eyes! Indeed, I fear, I should be almost happy! Let them look upon your . . . .'

"'O, sir!' cries my charmer; 'O, Mr. Warrington! consider who I am, sir, and who you are! Remember the difference between us! Release my hand, sir! What would Madam Esmond say if—if . . . .'

"If what, I don't know, for here our mother was in the room.

"'What would Madam Esmond say?' she cries out. 'She would say that you are an ungrateful, artful, false, little . . . .'

"'Madam!' says I.

"'Yes, an ungrateful, artful, false, little wretch!' cries out my mother. 'For shame, miss! What would Mr. Lintot say if he saw you making eyes at the captain? And for you, Harry, I will have you bring none of your garrison-manners hither. This is a Christian family, sir, and you will please to know that my house is not intended for captains and their misses!'

"'Misses! mother,' says I. 'Gracious powers, do you ever venture for to call Miss Mountain by such a name? Miss Mountain, the purest of her sex!'

"'The purest of her sex! Can I trust my own ears?' asks Madam, turning very pale.

"'I mean that if a man would question her honour, I would fling him out of window,' says I.

"'You mean that you—your mother's son—are actually paying honourable attentions to this young person?'

"'He would never dare to offer any other!' cries my Fanny; 'nor any woman but you, madam, to think so!'

"'O! I didn't know, miss!' says mother, dropping her a fine curtsey, 'I didn't know the honour you were doing our family! You propose to marry with us, do you? Do I understand Captain Warrington aright, that he intends to offer me Miss Mountain as a daughter-in-law?'

"''Tis to be seen, madam, that I have no protector, or you would not insult me so!' cries my poor victim.

"'I should think the apothecary protection sufficient!' says our mother.

"'*I* don't, mother!' I bawl out, for I was very angry; 'and if Lintot offers her any liberty, I'll brain him with his own pestle?'

"'O! if Lintot has withdrawn, sir, I suppose I must be silent. But I did not know of the circumstance. He came hither, as I supposed, to pay court to Miss: and we all thought the match equal, and I encouraged it.'

"'He came because I had the toothache!' cries my darling (and indeed she had *a dreadful bad* tooth. 'And he took it out for her, and there is no end to the suspicions and calumnies of women').

"'What more natural than that he should marry my housekeeper's daughter—'twas a very suitable match!' continues madam, taking

snuff. 'But I confess,' she adds, going on, 'I was not aware that you intended to jilt the apothecary for my son!'

"'Peace, for Heaven's sake, peace, Mr. Warrington!' cries my angel.

"'Pray, sir, before you fully make up your mind, had you not better look round the rest of my family?' says madam. 'Dinah is a fine tall girl, and not very black; Cleopatra is promised to Ajax the Blacksmith, to be sure; but then we could break the marriage, you know. If with an apothecary, why not with a blacksmith? Martha's husband has run away, and—'

"Here, dear brother, I own I broke out a-swearing. I can't help it; but at times, when a man is angry, it *do* relieve him immensely. I'm blest but I should have gone wild, if it hadn't been for them oaths.

"'Curses, blasphemy, ingratitude, disobedience!' says mother, leaning now on her tortoiseshell stick, and then waving it—something like a queen in a play. 'These are my rewards!' says she. 'O, Heaven, what have I done, that I should merit this awful punishment? and does it please you to visit the sins of my fathers upon me? Where do my children inherit their pride? When I was young, had I any? When my papa bade me marry, did I refuse? Did I ever think of disobeying? No, sir. My fault hath been, and I own it, that my love was centred upon you, perhaps to the neglect of your elder brother.' (Indeed, brother, there was some truth in what madam said.) 'I turned from Esau, and I clung to Jacob. And now I have my reward, I have my reward! I fixed my vain thoughts on this world, and its distinctions. To see my son advanced in worldly rank was my ambition. I toiled, and spared, that I might bring him worldly wealth. I took unjustly from my eldest son's portion, that my younger might profit. And O that I should live to see him seducing the daughter of my own housekeeper under my own roof, and replying to my just anger with oaths and blasphemies!'

"'I try to seduce no one, Madam,' I cried out. 'If I utter oaths and blasphemies, I beg your pardon; but you are enough to provoke a Saint to speak 'em. I won't have this young lady's character assailed—no, not by my own mother nor any mortal alive. No, dear Miss Mountain! If Madam Esmond chooses to say that my designs on you are dishonourable,—let this undeceive her!' And, as I spoke, I went down on my knees, seizing my adorable Fanny's hand. 'And if you will accept this heart and hand, Miss,' says I, 'they are yours for ever.'

"'*You*, at least, I knew, sir,' says Fanny with a noble curtsey, 'never said a word that was disrespectful to me, or entertained any doubt of my honour. And I trust it is only Madam Esmond, in the world, who can have such an opinion of me. After what your ladyship hath said of me, of course I can stay no longer in your house.'

"'Of course, Madam, I never intended you should; and the sooner you leave it the better,' cries our mother.

"'If you are driven from my mother's house, mine, Miss, is at your service,' says I, making her a low bow. 'It is nearly ready now. If

you will take it and stay in it for ever, it is yours! And as Madam Esmond insulted your honour; at least let me do all in my power to make a reparation!' I don't know what more I exactly said, for you may fancy I was not a little flustered and excited by the scene. But here Mountain came in, and my dearest Fanny, flinging herself into her mother's arms, wept upon her shoulder; whilst Madam Esmond, sitting down in her chair, looked at us as pale as a stone. Whilst I was telling my story to Mountain (who, poor thing, had not the least idea, not she, that Miss Fanny and I had the slightest inclination for one another), I could hear our mother once or twice still saying, 'I am punished for my crime!'

"Now, what our mother meant by her crime I did not know at first, or indeed take much heed of what she said; for you know her way, and how, when she is angry, she always talks sermons. But Mountain told me afterwards, when we had some talk together, as we did at the Tavern, whither the ladies presently removed with their bag and baggage—for not only would they not stay at Madam's house after the language she used, but my mother determined to go away likewise. She called her servants together, and announced her intention of going home instantly to Castlewood; and I own to you 'twas with a horrible pain I saw the family-coach roll by, with six horses, and ever so many of the servants on mules and on horseback, as I and Fanny looked through the blinds of the Tavern.

"After the words Madam used to my spotless Fanny, 'twas impossible that the poor child or her mother should remain in our house: and indeed M. said that she would go back to her relations in England: and a ship bound homewards, lying in James River, she went and bargained with the captain about a passage, so bent was she upon quitting the country, and so little did *she* think of making a match between me and my angel. But the cabin was mercifully engaged by a North Carolina gentleman and his family, and before the next ship sailed (which bears this letter to my dearest George) they have agreed to stop with me. Almost all the ladies in this neighbourhood have waited on them. When the marriage takes place, I hope Madam Esmond will be reconciled. My Fanny's father was a British officer; and, sure, ours was no more. Some day, please Heaven, we shall visit Europe: and the places where *my wild oats* were sown, and where I committed so many extravagances from which my dear brother rescued me.

"The ladies send you their affection and duty, and to my sister. We hear his Excellency General Lambert is much beloved in Jamaica: and I shall write to our dear friends there *announcing my happiness.* My dearest brother will participate in it, and I am ever his grateful and affectionate, "H. E. W.

"P.S.—Till Mountain told me, I had no more notion than the *ded* that Madam E. had actially stopt your allowances; besides making you

pay for ever so much—near upon £1000 Mountain says—for goods, &c., provided for the Virginian proparty. Then there was all the charges of me *out of prison*, which *I. O. U. with all my hart.* Draw upon me, please, dearest brother—*to any amount*—adressing me to care of Messrs. Horn & Sandon, Williamsburg, *privit;* who remitt by present occasion a bill for £225, payable by their London agents on demand. *Please don't acknolledge this in answering:* as there's no good in *botharing women with accounts:* and with the extra £5 by a capp or what she likes for my dear sister, and a toy for my nephew from *Uncle Hal.*"

The conclusion to which we came on the perusal of this document was, that the ladies had superintended the style and spelling of my poor Hal's letter, but that the postscript was added without their knowledge. And I am afraid we argued that the Virginian Squire was under female domination — as Hercules, Samson, and *fortes multi* had been before him.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

INVENI PORTUM.

HEN my mother heard of my acceptance of a place at home, I think she was scarcely well pleased. She may have withdrawn her supplies in order to starve me into a surrender, and force me to return with my family to Virginia, and to dependence under her. We never, up to her dying day, had any explanation on the pecuniary dispute between us. She cut off my allowances: I uttered not a word; but managed to live without her aid. I never heard that she repented of her injustice, or acknowledged it, except from Harry's private communication to me. In after days, when we met, by a great gentleness in her behaviour, and an uncommon respect and affection shown to my wife, Madam Esmond may have intended I should understand her tacit admission that she had been wrong; but she made no apology, nor did I ask one. Harry being provided for (whose welfare I could not grudge), all my mother's savings and economical schemes went to my advantage, who was her heir. Time was when a few guineas would have been more useful to me than hundreds which might come to me when I had no need; but when Madam Esmond and I met, the period of necessity was long passed away; I had no need to scheme ignoble savings, or to grudge the doctor his fee: I had plenty, and she could but bring me more. No doubt she suffered in her own mind to think that my children had been hungry, and she had offered them no food; and that strangers had relieved the necessity from which her proud heart had caused her to turn aside. Proud? Was she prouder than I? A soft word of explanation between us might have brought about a reconciliation years before it came: but I would never speak, nor did she. When I com-

mit a wrong, and know it subsequently, I love to ask pardon; but 'tis as a satisfaction to my own pride, and to myself I am apologising for having been wanting to myself. And hence, I think (out of regard to that personage of ego), I scarce ever could degrade myself to do a meanness. How do men feel whose whole lives (and many men's lives are) are lies, schemes, and subterfuges? What sort of company do they keep, when they are alone? Daily in life I watch men whose every smile is an artifice, and every wink is an hypocrisy. Doth such a fellow wear a mask in his own privacy, and to his own conscience? If I choose to pass over an injury, I fear 'tis not from a Christian and forgiving spirit: 'tis because I can afford to remit the debt, and disdain to ask a settlement of it. One or two sweet souls I have known in my life (and perhaps tried) to whom forgiveness is no trouble,—a plant that grows naturally, as it were, in the soil. I know how to remit, I say, not forgive. I wonder are we proud men proud of being proud?

So I showed not the least sign of submission towards my parent in Virginia yonder, and we continued for years to live in estrangement, with occasionally a brief word or two (such as the announcement of the birth of a child, or what not), passing between my wife and her. After our first troubles in America about the Stamp Act, troubles fell on me in London likewise. Though I have been on the Tory side in our quarrel (as indeed upon the losing side in most controversies), having no doubt that the Imperial government had a full right to levy taxes in the colonies, yet at the time of the dispute I must publish a pert letter to a member of the House of Burgesses in Virginia, in which the question of the habitual insolence of the mother country to the colonies was so freely handled, and sentiments were uttered so disagreeable to persons in power, that I was deprived of my place as hackney-coach licenser, to the terror and horror of my uncle, who never could be brought to love people in disgrace. He had grown to have an extreme affection for my wife as well as my little boy; but towards myself, personally, entertained a kind of pitying contempt which always infinitely amused me. He had a natural scorn and dislike for poverty, and a corresponding love for success and good fortune. Any opinion departing at all from the regular track shocked and frightened him, and all truth-telling made him turn pale. He must have had originally some warmth of heart and genuine love of kindred: for, spite of the dreadful shocks I gave him, he continued to see Theo and the child (and me too, giving me a mournful recognition when we met); and though broken-hearted by my free-spokenness, he did not refuse to speak to me as he had done at the time of our first differences, but looked upon me as a melancholy lost creature, who was past all worldly help or hope. Never mind, I must cast about for some new scheme of life; and the repayment of Harry's debt to me at this juncture enabled me to live at least for some months even, or years to come. O strange fatuity of youth! I often say. How was it that we dared to be so poor and so little cast down?

At this time his Majesty's royal uncle of Cumberland fell down and perished in a fit; and, strange to say, his death occasioned a remarkable change in my fortune. My poor Sir Miles Warrington never missed any court ceremony to which he could introduce himself. He was at all the drawing-rooms, christenings, balls, funerals of the court. If ever a prince or princess was ailing, his coach was at their door: Leicester Fields, Carlton House, Gunnersbury, were all the same to him, and nothing must satisfy him now but going to the stout duke's funeral. He caught a great cold and an inflammation of the throat from standing bare-headed at this funeral in the rain: and one morning, before almost I had heard of his illness, a lawyer waits upon me at my lodgings in Bloomsbury, and salutes me by the name of Sir George Warrington.

Party and fear of the future were over now. We laid the poor gentleman by the side of his little son, in the family churchyard where so many of his race repose. Little Miles and I were the chief mourners. An obsequious tenantry bowed and curtsied before us, and did their utmost to conciliate my honour and my worship. The dowager and her daughter withdrew to Bath presently; and I and my family took possession of the house, of which I have been master for thirty years. Be not too eager, O, my son! Have but a little patience, and I too shall sleep under yonder yew-trees, and the people will be tossing up their caps for Sir Miles.

The records of a prosperous country life are easily and briefly told. The steward's books show what rents were paid and forgiven, what crops were raised, and in what rotation. What visitors came to us, and how long they stayed: what pensioners my wife had, and how they were doctored and relieved, and how they died: what year I was sheriff, and how often the hounds met near us: all these are narrated in our house-journals, which any of my heirs may read who choose to take the trouble. We could not afford the fine mansion in Hill Street, which my predecessor had occupied; but we took a smaller house, in which, however, we spent more money. We made not half the show (with liveries, equipages, and plate) for which my uncle had been famous; but our beer was stronger, and my wife's charities were perhaps more costly than those of the Dowager Lady Warrington. No doubt she thought there was no harm in spoiling the Philistines; for she made us pay unconscionably for the goods she left behind her in our country house, and I submitted to most of her extortions with unutterable good humour. What a value she imagined the potted plants in her greenhouses bore! What a price she set upon that horrible old spinet she left in her drawing-room! And the framed pieces of worsted-work, performed by the accomplished Dora and the lovely Flora, had they been masterpieces of Titian or Vandyck, to be sure my lady dowager could hardly have valued them at a higher price. But though we paid so generously, though we were, I may say without boast, far kinder to our poor than ever she had been, for a while we

had the very worst reputation in the county, where all sorts of stories had been told to my discredit. I thought I might perhaps succeed to my uncle's seat in Parliament, as well as to his landed property; but I found, I knew not how, that I was voted to be a person of very dangerous opinions. I would not bribe. I would not coerce my own tenants to vote for me in the election of '68. A gentleman came down from Whitehall with a pocket-book full of bank notes; and I found that I had no chance against my competitor.

Bon Dieu! Now that we were at ease in respect of worldly means,—now that obedient tenants bowed and curtsied as we went to church; that we drove to visit our friends, or to the neighbouring towns, in the great family coach with the four fat horses; did we not often regret poverty, and the dear little cottage at Lambeth, where Want was ever prowling at the door? Did I not long to be bear-leading again, and vow that translating for booksellers was not such very hard drudgery? When we went to London, we made sentimental pilgrimages to all our old haunts. I dare say my wife embraced all her landladies. You may be sure we asked all the friends of those old times to share the comforts of our new home with us. The Reverend Mr. Hagan and his lady visited us more than once. His appearance in the pulpit at B——, (where he preached very finely, as we thought), caused an awful scandal there. Sampson came too, another unlucky Levite, and was welcome as long as he would stay among us. Mr. Johnson talked of coming, but he put us off once or twice. I suppose our house was dull. I know that I myself would be silent for days, and fear that my moodiness must often have tried the sweetest tempered woman in the world who lived with me. I did not care for field sports. The killing one partridge was so like killing another, that I wondered how men could pass days after days in the pursuit of that kind of slaughter. Their fox-hunting stories would begin at four o'clock, when the table-cloth was removed, and last till supper-time. I sate silent, and listened: day after day I fell asleep: no wonder I was not popular with my company.

What admission is this I am making? Here was the storm over, the rocks avoided, the ship in port and the sailor not over-contented? Was Susan I had been sighing for during the voyage, not the beauty I expected to find her? In the first place, Susan and all the family can look in her William's log-book, and so, Madam, I am not going to put my secrets down there. No, Susan, I never had secrets from thee. I never cared for another woman. I have seen more beautiful, but none that suited me as well as your ladyship. I have met Mrs. Carter and Miss Mulso, and Mrs. Thrale and Madam Kaufmann, and the angelical Gunnings, and her Grace of Devonshire, and a host of beauties who were not angelic, by any means; and I was not dazzled by them. Nay, young folks, I may have led your mother a weary life, and been a very Bluebeard over her, but then I had no other heads in the closet. Only, the first pleasure of taking possession of our kingdom

over, I own I began to be quickly tired of the crown. When the captain wears it, his Majesty will be a very different Prince. He can ride a hunting five days in the week, and find the sport amusing. I believe he would hear the same sermon at church fifty times, and not yawn more than I do at the first delivery. But sweet Joan, beloved Baucis! being thy faithful husband and true lover always, thy Darby is rather ashamed of having been testy so often; and, being arrived at the consummation of happiness, Philemon asks pardon for falling asleep so frequently after dinner. There came a period of my life, when having reached the summit of felicity I was quite tired of the prospect I had there: I yawned in Eden, and said, "Is this all? What, no lions to bite? no rain to fall? no thorns to prick you in the rose-bush when you sit down?—only Eve, for ever sweet and tender, and figs for breakfast, dinner, supper, from week's end to week's end!" Shall I make my confessions? Hearken! Well, then, if I must make a clean breast of it.

* * * * * * *

Here three pages are torn out of Sir George Warrington's MS. book, for which the editor is sincerely sorry.

I know the theory and practice of the Roman Church; but, being bred of another persuasion (and sceptical and heterodox regarding that), I can't help doubting the other, too, and wondering whether Catholics, in their confessions, confess all? Do we Protestants ever do so; and has education rendered those other fellow-men so different from us? At least, amongst us, we are not accustomed to suppose Catholic priests, or laymen more frank and open than ourselves. Which brings me back to my question,—does any man confess all? Does yonder dear creature know all my life, who has been the partner of it for thirty years; who, whenever I have told her a sorrow, has been ready with the best of her gentle power to soothe it; who has watched when I did not speak, and when I was silent has been silent herself, or with the charming hypocrisy of woman has worn smiles and an easy appearance so as to make me imagine she felt no care, or would not even ask to disturb her lord's secret when he seemed to indicate a desire to keep it private. O, the dear hypocrite! Have I not watched her hiding the boys' peccadilloes from papa's anger? Have I not known her cheat out of her housekeeping to pay off their little extravagancies; and talk to me with an artless face, as if she did not know that our revered captain had had dealings with the gentlemen of Duke's Place, and our learned collegian, at the end of his terms, had very pressing reasons for sporting his oak (as the phrase is) against some of the University tradesmen? Why, from the very earliest days, thou wise woman, thou wert for ever concealing something from me,—this one stealing jam from the cupboard; that one getting into disgrace at school; that naughty rebel (put on the caps, young folks, according to the fit) flinging an inkstand at mamma in a rage, whilst I was told the gown and the carpet were spoiled by accident. We all hide from one another. We have all secrets. We

are all alone. We sin by ourselves, and, let us trust, repent too. Yonder dear woman would give her foot to spare mine a twinge of the gout; but, when I have the fit, the pain is in my slipper. At the end of the novel or the play, the hero and heroine marry or die, and so there is an end of them as far as the poet is concerned, who huzzas for his young couple till the post-chaise turns the corner; or fetches the hearse and plumes, and shovels them underground. But when Mr. Random and Mr. Thomas Jones are married, is all over? Are there no quarrels at-home? Are there no Lady Bellastons abroad; are there no constables to be outrun? no temptations to conquer us, or be conquered by us? The Syrens sang after Ulysses long after his marriage, and the suitors whispered in Penelope's ear, and he and she had many a weary day of doubt and care, and so have we all. As regards money I was put out of trouble by the inheritance I made: but does not *Atra Cura* sit behind baronets as well as *equites?* My friends in London used to congratulate me on my happiness. Who would not like to be master of a good house and a good estate? But can Gumbo shut the hall-door upon blue devils, or lay them always in a red sea of claret? Does a man sleep the better who has four and twenty hours to doze in? Do his intellects brighten after a sermon from the dull old vicar; a ten minutes cackle and flattery from the village apothecary; or the conversation of Sir John and Sir Thomas with their ladies, who come ten moonlight muddy miles to eat a haunch, and play a rubber? 'Tis all very well to have tradesmen bowing to your carriage door, room made for you at quarter-sessions, and my lady wife taken down the second or the third to dinner: but these pleasures fade, nay have their inconveniences. In our part of the country, for seven years after we came to Warrington manor, our two what they called best neighbours, were my Lord Tutbury and Sir John Mudbrook. We are of an older date than the Mudbrooks, consequently my Lady Tutbury always fell to my lot when we dined together, who was deaf and fell asleep after dinner; or if I had Lady Mudbrook, she chattered with a folly so incessant and intense, that even my wife could hardly keep her complacency (consummate hypocrite as her ladyship is), knowing the rage with which I was fuming at the other's clatter. I come to London. I show my tongue to Dr. Heberden. I pour out my catalogue of complaints. "Psha, my dear Sir George!" says the unfeeling physician. "Headaches, languor, bad sleep, bad temper," ("not bad temper, Sir George has the sweetest temper in the world, only he is sometimes a little melancholy!" says my wife.) "Bad sleep, bad temper," continues the implacable doctor. "My dear lady, his inheritance has been his ruin, and a little poverty and a great deal of occupation would do him all the good in life."

No, my brother Harry ought to have been the squire, with remainder to my son Miles, of course. Harry's letters were full of gaiety and good spirits. His estate prospered; his negroes multiplied; his crops were large; he was a member of our House of Burgesses; he adored his wife; could he but have a child his happiness would be

complete. Had Hal been master of Warrington Manor-house, in my place, he would have been beloved through the whole country; he would have been steward at all the races, the gayest of all the jolly huntsmen, the *bien venu* at all the mansions round about, where people scarce cared to perform the ceremony of welcome at sight of my glum face. As for my wife, all the world liked her, and agreed in pitying her. I don't know how the report got abroad, but 'twas generally agreed that I treated her with awful cruelty, and that for jealousy I was a perfect Bluebeard. Ah me! And so it is true that I have had many dark hours; that I pass days in long silence; that the conversation of fools and whipper-snappers makes me rebellious and peevish, and that, when I feel contempt, I sometimes don't know how to conceal it, or I should say did not. I hope as I grow older I grow more charitable. Because I do not love bawling and galloping after a fox, like the captain yonder, I am not his superior; but, in this respect, humbly own that he is mine. He has perceptions which are denied me; enjoyments which I cannot understand. Because I am blind the world is not dark. I try now and listen with respect when Squire Codgers talks of the day's run. I do my best to laugh when Captain Rattleton tells his garrison stories. I step up to the harpsichord with old Miss Humby (our neighbour from Beccles) and try and listen as she warbles her ancient ditties. I play whist laboriously. Am I not trying to do the duties of life? and I have a right to be garrulous and egotistical, because I have been reading Montaigne all the morning.

I was not surprised, knowing by what influences my brother was led, to find his name in the list of Virginia burgesses who declared that the sole right of imposing taxes on the inhabitants of this colony is now, and ever hath been, legally and constitutionally vested in the House of Burgesses, and called upon the other colonies to pray for the Royal interposition in favour of the violated rights of America. And it was now, after we had been some three years settled in our English home, that a correspondence between us and Madam Esmond began to take place. It was my wife who (upon some pretext such as women always know how to find) re-established the relations between us. Mr. Miles must need have the small-pox, from which he miraculously recovered without losing any portion of his beauty; and on this recovery the mother writes her prettiest little wheedling letter to the grandmother of the fortunate babe. She coaxes her with all sorts of modest phrases and humble offerings of respect and good-will. She narrates anecdotes of the precocious genius of the lad (what hath subsequently happened, I wonder, to stop the growth of that gallant young officer's brains?), and she must have sent over to his grandmother a lock of the darling boy's hair, for the old lady, in her reply, acknowledged the receipt of some such present. I wonder, as it came from England, they allowed it to pass our custom-house at Williamsburg. In return for these peace-offerings and smuggled tokens of submission, comes a tolerably gracious letter from my Lady of Castlewood. She

inveighs against the dangerous spirit pervading the colony: she laments to think that her unhappy son is consorting with people who, she fears, will be no better than rebels and traitors. She does not wonder, considering *who his friends and advisers are.* How can a wife taken from an *almost menial situation* be expected to sympathise with persons of rank and dignity who have the honour of the Crown at heart? If evil times were coming for the monarchy (for the folks in America appeared to be disinclined to pay taxes, and required that everything should be done for them without cost), she remembered how to monarchs in misfortune, the Esmonds—her father, the marquis, especially—had ever been faithful. She knew not what opinions (though she might judge from my new-*fangled* Lord Chatham) were in fashion in England. She prayed, at least, she might hear that one of her sons was not on the side of *rebellion.* When we came, in after-days, to look over old family papers in Virginia, we found "Letters from my daughter Lady Warrington," neatly tied up with a ribbon. My lady Theo insisted I should not open them; and the truth, I believe, is, that they were so full of praises of her husband that she thought my vanity would suffer from reading them.

When Madam began to write, she gave us brief notices of Harry and his wife. "The two women," she wrote, "still govern everything with my poor boy at Fannystown (as he chooses to call his house). They must save money there, for I hear but a *shabby account* of their manner of entertaining. The *Mount Vernon gentleman* continues to be his great friend, and he votes in the House of Burgesses very much as *his guide* advises him. Why he should be so sparing of his money I cannot understand: I heard, of five negroes who went with his equipages to my Lord Bottetourt's only two had shoes to their feet. I had reasons to save, having sons for whom I wished to provide, but he hath no children, wherein he certainly is spared from much grief, though, no doubt, Heaven in its wisdom means our good by the trials which, through our children, it causes us to endure. His mother-in-law," she added in one of her letters, "has been ailing. Ever since his marriage, my poor Henry has been the creature of these two artful women, and they rule him entirely. Nothing, my dear daughter, is more contrary to common sense and to Holy Scripture than this. Are we not told, *Wives, be obedient to your husbands?* Had Mr. Warrington lived, I should have endeavoured to follow up that sacred precept, holding that nothing so becomes a woman as *humility and obedience.*"

Presently we had a letter sealed with black, and announcing the death of our dear good Mountain, for whom I had a hearty regret and affection, remembering her sincere love for us as children. Harry deplored the event in his honest way, and with tears which actually blotted his paper. And Madam Esmond, alluding to the circumstance, said: "My late housekeeper, Mrs. Mountain, as soon as she found her illness was fatal, sent to me requesting a last interview on her death-bed, intending, doubtless, to pray my forgiveness for her treachery

towards me. I sent her word that I could forgive her *as a Christian*, and heartily hope (though I confess I doubt it) that she had a due sense of her crime towards me. But our meeting, I considered, was of no use, and could only occasion unpleasantness between us. If she repented, *though at the eleventh hour*, it was not too late, and I sincerely trusted that she was now doing so. And, would you believe her lamentable and hardened condition, she sent me word through Dinah, my woman, whom I dispatched to her with medicines for *her soul's and her body's health*, that she had nothing to repent of as far as regarded her conduct to me, and she wanted to be left alone! Poor Dinah distributed the medicine to my negroes, and our people took it *eagerly*—whilst Mrs. Mountain, left to herself, succumbed to the fever. O, the perversity of human kind! This poor creature was *too proud* to take my remedies, and is now beyond the reach of cure and physicians. You tell me your little Miles is subject to fits of cholic. *My* remedy, and I will beg you to let me know if effectual, is &c., &c."—and here followed the prescription, which thou didst not take, O my son, my heir, and my pride! because thy fond mother had *her* mother's favourite powder, on which in his infantine troubles our first-born was dutifully nurtured. Did words not exactly consonant with truth pass between the ladies in their correspondence? I fear my Lady Theo was not altogether candid: else how to account for a phrase in one of Madam Esmond's letters, who said: "I am glad to hear the powders have done the dear child good. They are, if not on a first, on a second or third application, *almost infallible*, and have been the blessed means of relieving many persons round me, both infants and adults, white and coloured. I send my grandson an Indian bow and arrows. Shall these old eyes never behold him at Castlewood, I wonder, and is Sir George so busy with his books and his politics that he can't afford a few months to his mother in Virginia? I am much alone now. My son's chamber is just as he left it: the same books are in the presses: his little hanger and fowling-piece over the bed, and my father's picture over the mantelpiece. I never allow anything to be altered in his room or his brother's. I fancy the children playing near me sometimes, and that I can see my dear father's head as he dozes in his chair. Mine is growing almost as white as my father's. Am I never to behold my children ere I go hence? The Lord's will be done."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AT HOME.

SUCH an appeal as this of our mother would have softened hearts much less obdurate than ours; and we talked of a speedy visit to Virginia, and of hiring all the Young Rachel's cabin accommodation. But our child must fall ill, for whom the voyage would be dangerous, and from whom the mother of course could not part; and the Young Rachael made her voyage without us that year. Another year there was another difficulty, in my worship's first attack of the gout (which occupied me a good deal, and afterwards certainly cleared my wits and enlivened my spirits); and now came another much sadder cause for delay in the sad news we received from Jamaica. Some two years after our establishment at the Manor, our dear General returned from his government, a little richer in the world's goods than when he went away, but having undergone a loss for which no wealth could console him, and after which, indeed, he did not care to remain in the West Indies. My Theo's poor mother—the most tender and affectionate friend (save one) I have ever had—died abroad of the fever. Her last regret was that she should not be allowed to live to see our children and ourselves in prosperity.

"She sees us, though we do not see her; and she thanks you, George, for having been good to her children," her husband said.

He, we thought, would not be long ere he joined her. His love for her had been the happiness and business of his whole life. To be away from her seemed living no more. It was pitiable to watch the good man as he sate with us. My wife, in her air and in many tones and gestures, constantly recalled her mother to the bereaved widower's

heart. What cheer we could give him in his calamity we offered; but, especially, little Hetty was now, under Heaven, his chief support and consolation. She had refused more than one advantageous match in the Island, the General told us; and on her return to England, my Lord Wrotham's heir laid himself at her feet. But she loved best to stay with her father, Hetty said. As long as he was not tired of her she cared for no husband.

"Nay," said we, when this last great match was proposed, "let the General stay six months with us at the Manor here, and you can have him at Oakhurst for the other six."

But Hetty declared her father never could bear Oakhurst again now that her mother was gone; and she would marry no man for his coronet and money—not she! The General, when we talked this matter over, said gravely that the child had no desire for marrying, owing possibly to some disappointment in early life, of which she never spoke; and we, respecting her feelings, were for our parts equally silent. My brother Lambert had by this time a college living near to Winchester, and a wife of course to adorn his parsonage. We professed but a moderate degree of liking for this lady, though we made her welcome when she came to us. *Her* idea regarding our poor Hetty's determined celibacy was different to that which I had. This Mrs. Jack was a chatterbox of a woman, in the habit of speaking her mind very freely, and of priding herself excessively on her skill in giving pain to her friends.

"My dear Sir George," she was pleased to say, "*I* have often and often told our dear Theo that *I* wouldn't have a pretty sister in my house to make tea for Jack when I was upstairs, and always to be at hand when I was wanted in the kitchen or nursery, and always to be dressed neat and in her best when I was very likely making pies or puddings or looking to the children. I have every confidence in Tom, of course. I should like to see him look at another woman, indeed! And so I have in Jemima: but they don't come together in *my* house when *I'm* upstairs—that I promise you! And so I told my sister Warrington."

"Am I to understand," says the General, "that you have done my Lady Warrington the favour to warn her against her sister, my daughter Miss Hester?"

"Yes, pa, of course I have. A duty is a duty, and a woman is a a woman, and a man's a man, *as* I know very well. Don't tell me! He *is* a man. Every man is a man, with all his sanctified airs!"

"You yourself have a married sister, with whom you were staying when my son Jack first had the happiness of making your acquaintance?" remarks the General.

"Yes, of course I have a married sister; everyone knows that: and I have been as good as a mother to her children, that I have!"

"And am I to gather from your conversation that your attractions proved a powerful temptation for your sister's husband?"

"Law, General! I don't know how you can go for to say I ever said any such a thing!" cries Mrs. Jack, red and voluble.

"Don't you perceive, my dear madam, that it is you who have insinuated as much, not only regarding yourself, but regarding my own two daughters?"

"Never, never, never, as I'm a Christian woman! And it's most cruel of you to say so, sir. And I *do* say a sister is best out of the house, that I do! And as Theo's time is coming, I warn her, that's all."

"Have you discovered, my good madam, whether my poor Hetty has stolen any of the spoons? When I came to breakfast this morning, my daughter was alone, and there must have been a score of pieces of silver on the table."

"Law, sir! who ever said a word about spoons? Did *I* ever accuse the poor dear? If I did, may I drop down dead at this moment on this hearth-rug! And I ain't used to be spoke to in this way. And me and Tom have both remarked it; and I've done my duty, that I have." And here Mrs. Jack flounces out of the room, in tears.

"And has the woman had the impudence to tell you this, my child?" asks the General, when Theo (who is a little delicate) comes to the tea-table.

"She has told me every day since she has been here. She comes into my dressing-room to tell me. She comes to my nursery, and says, 'Ah, *I* wouldn't have a sister prowling about my nursery, that I wouldn't.' Ah, how pleasant it is to have amiable and well-bred relatives, say I."

"Thy poor mother has been spared this woman," groans the General.

"Our mother would have made her better, Papa," says Theo, kissing him.

"Yes, dear." And I see that both of them are at their prayers.

But this must be owned, that to love one's relatives is not always an easy task; to live with one's neighbours is sometimes not amusing. From Jack Lambert's demeanour next day, I could see that his wife had given him her version of the conversation. Jack was sulky, but not dignified. He was angry, but his anger did not prevent his appetite. He preached a sermon for us which was entirely stupid. And little Miles, once more in sables, sate at his grandfather's side, his little hand placed in that of the kind old man.

Would he stay and keep house for us during our Virginian trip? The housekeeper should be put under the full domination of Hetty. The butler's keys should be handed over to him; for Gumbo, not I thought with an over good grace, was to come with us to Virginia: having, it must be premised, united himself with Mrs. Molly in the bonds of matrimony, and peopled a cottage in my park with sundry tawny Gumbos. Under the care of our good General and his daughter we left our house then; we travelled to London, and thence to Bristol,

and our obsequious agent there had the opportunity of declaring that he should offer up prayers for our prosperity, and of vowing that children so beautiful as ours (we had an infant by this time to accompany Miles) were never seen on any ship before. We made a voyage without accident. How strange the feeling was as we landed from our boat at Richmond! A coach and a host of negroes were there in waiting to receive us; and hard by a gentleman on horseback, with negroes in our livery, too, who sprang from his horse and rushed up to embrace us. Not a little charmed were both of us to see our dearest Hal. He rode with us to our mother's door. Yonder she stood on the steps to welcome us; and Theo knelt down to ask her blessing.

Harry rode in the coach with us as far as our mother's house; but would not, as he said, spoil sport by entering with us. "She sees me," he owned, "and we are pretty good friends; but Fanny and she are best apart; and there is no love lost between 'em, I can promise you. Come over to me at the Tavern, George, when thou art free. And to-morrow I shall have the honour to present her sister to Theo. 'Twas only from happening to be in town yesterday that I heard the ship was signalled, and waited to see you. I have sent a negro boy home to my wife, and she'll be here to pay her respects to my Lady Warrington." And Harry, after this brief greeting, jumped out of the carriage, and left us to meet our mother alone.

Since I parted from her I had seen a great deal of fine company, and Theo and I had paid our respects to the King and Queen at St. James's; but we had seen no more stately person than this who welcomed us, and raising my wife from her knee, embraced her and led her into the house. 'Twas a plain, wood-built place, with a gallery round, as our Virginian houses are; but if it had been a palace, with a little empress inside, our reception could not have been more courteous. There was old Nathan, still the major domo, a score of kind black faces of blacks, grinning welcome. Some whose names I remembered as children were grown out of remembrance, to be sure, to be buxom lads and lasses; and some I had left with black pates were grizzling now with snowy polls: and some who were born since my time were peering at doorways with their great eyes and little naked feet. It was, "I'm little Sip, Master George!" and "I'm Dinah, Sir George!" and "I'm Master Miles's boy!" says a little chap in a new livery and boots of nature's blacking. Ere the day was over the whole household had found a pretext for passing before us, and grinning and bowing and making us welcome. I don't know how many repasts were served to us. In the evening my Lady Warrington had to receive all the gentry of the little town, which she did with perfect grace and good humour, and I had to shake hands with a few old acquaintances—old enemies I was going to say; but I had come into a fortune and was no longer a naughty prodigal. Why, a drove of fatted calves was killed in my honour! My poor Hal was of the entertainment, but gloomy and crest-fallen. His mother spoke to him, but it was as a queen to a

rebellious prince, her son, who was not yet forgiven. We two slipped away from the company, and went up to the rooms assigned to me: but there, as we began a free conversation, our mother, taper in hand, appeared with her pale face. Did I want anything? Was everything quite as I wished it? She had peeped in at the dearest children, who were sleeping like cherubs. How she did caress them, and delight over them! How she was charmed with Miles's dominating airs, and the little Theo's smiles and dimples! "Supper is just coming on the table, Sir George. If you like our cookery better than the tavern, Henry, I beg you to stay." What a different welcome there was in the words and tone addressed to each of us! Hal hung down his head, and followed to the lower room. A clergyman begged a blessing on the meal. He touched with not a little art and eloquence upon our arrival at home, upon our safe passage across the stormy waters, upon the love and forgiveness which awaited us in the mansions of the Heavenly Parent when the storms of life were over.

Here was a new clergyman, quite unlike some whom I remembered about us in earlier days, and I praised him, but Madam Esmond shook her head. She was afraid his principles were very dangerous: she was afraid others had adopted those dangerous principles. Had I not seen the paper signed by the burgesses and merchants at Williamsburg the year before—the Lees, Randolphs, Bassets, Washingtons, and the like, and O, my dear, that I should have to say it, our name, that is your brother's (by what influence I do not like to say), and this unhappy Mr. Belman's who begged a blessing last night.

If there had been quarrels in our little colonial society when I left home, what were these to the feuds I found raging on my return? We had sent the Stamp Act to America, and been forced to repeal it. Then we must try a new set of duties on glass, paper, and what not, and repeal that Act too, with the exception of a duty on tea. From Boston to Charleston the tea was confiscated. Even my mother, loyal as she was, gave up her favourite drink; and my poor wife would have had to forego hers, but we had brought a quantity for our private drinking on board ship, which had paid four times as much duty at home. Not that I for my part would have hesitated about paying duty. The home government must have some means of revenue, or its pretensions to authority were idle. They say the colonies were tried and tyrannised over; I say the home government was tried and tyrannised over. ('Tis but an affair of argument and history, now; we tried the question, and were beat; and the matter is settled as completely as the conquest of Britain by the Normans.) And all along, from conviction I trust, I own to have taken the British side of the quarrel. In that brief and unfortunate experience of war which I had had in my early life, the universal cry of the army and well-affected persons was, that Mr. Braddock's expedition had failed, and defeat and disaster had fallen upon us in consequence of the remissness, the selfishness, and the rapacity of many of the very people for whose defence against the

French arms had been taken up. The colonists were for having all done for them, and for doing nothing. They made extortionate bargains with the champions who came to defend them; they failed in contracts; they furnished niggardly supplies; they multiplied delays until the hour for beneficial action was past, and until the catastrophe came which never need have occurred but for their ill will. What shouts of joy were there, and what ovations for the great British minister who had devised and effected the conquest of Canada! Monsieur de Vaudreuil said justly that that conquest was the signal for the defection of the North American colonies from their allegiance to Great Britain; and my Lord Chatham, having done his best to achieve the first part of the scheme, contributed more than any man in England towards the completion of it. The colonies were insurgent, and he applauded their rebellion. What scores of thousands of waverers must he have encouraged into resistance! It was a general who says to an army in revolt, "God save the king! My men, you have a right to mutiny!" No wonder they set up his statue in this town, and his picture in t'other; whilst here and there they hanged ministers and governors in effigy. To our Virginian town of Williamsburg, some wiseacres must subscribe to bring over a portrait of my lord, in the habit of a Roman orator speaking in the Forum, to be sure, and pointing to the palace of Whitehall, and the special window out of which Charles I. was beheaded! Here was a neat allegory, and a pretty compliment to a British statesman! I hear, however, that my lord's head was painted from a bust, and so was taken off without his knowledge.

Now my country is England, not America or Virginia: and I take, or rather took, the English side of the dispute. My sympathies had always been with home, where I was now a squire and a citizen: but had my lot been to plant tobacco, and live on the banks of James River or Potomac, no doubt my opinions had been altered. When, for instance, I visited my brother at his new house and plantation, I found him and his wife as staunch Americans as we were British. We had some words upon the matter in dispute,—who had not in those troublesome times?—but our argument was carried on without rancour; even my new sister could not bring us to that, though she did her best when we were together, and in the curtain lectures which I have no doubt she inflicted on her spouse, like a notable housewife as she was. But we trusted in each other so entirely that even Harry's duty towards his wife would not make him quarrel with his brother. He loved me from old times, when my word was law with him; he still protested that he and every Virginian gentleman of his side was loyal to the Crown. War was not declared as yet, and gentlemen of different opinions were courteous enough to one another. Nay, at our public dinners and festivals, the health of the King was still ostentatiously drunk; and the assembly of every colony, though preparing for Congress, though resisting all attempts at taxation on the part of the

home authorities, was loud in its expressions of regard for the King our Father, and pathetic in its appeals to that paternal sovereign to put away evil counsellors from him, and listen to the voice of moderation and reason. Up to the last, our Virginian gentry were a grave, orderly, aristocratic folk, with the strongest sense of their own dignity and station. In later days, and nearer home, we have heard of fraternisation and equality. Amongst the great folks of our Old World I have never seen a gentleman standing more on his dignity and maintaining it better than Mr. Washington: no—not the King against whom he took arms. In the eyes of all the gentry of the French Court, who gaily joined in the crusade against us, and so took their revenge for Canada, the great American chief always appeared as *anax andrōn*, and they allowed that his better could not be seen in Versailles itself. Though they were quarrelling with the Governor, the gentlemen of the House of Burgesses still maintained amicable relations with him, and exchanged dignified courtesies. When my Lord Bottetourt arrived, and held his court at Williamsburg in no small splendour and state, all the gentry waited upon him, Madam Esmond included. And at his death, Lord Dunmore, who succeeded him, and brought a fine family with him, was treated with the utmost respect by our gentry privately, though publicly the House of Assembly and the Governor were at war.

Their quarrels are a matter of history, and concern me personally only so far as this, that our burgesses being convened for the 1st of March in the year after my arrival in Virginia, it was agreed that we should all pay a visit to our capital, and our duty to the governor. Since Harry's unfortunate marriage Madam Esmond had not performed this duty, though always previously accustomed to pay it; but now that her eldest son was arrived in the colony, my mother opined that we must certainly wait upon his Excellency the Governor, nor were we sorry perhaps to get away from our little Richmond to enjoy the gaieties of the provincial capital. Madam engaged, and at a great price, the best house to be had at Richmond for herself and her family. Now I was rich, her generosity was curious. I had more than once to interpose (her old servants likewise wondering at her new way of life), and beg her not to be so lavish. But she gently said, in former days she had occasion to save, which now existed no more. Harry had enough, sure, with such a wife as he had taken out of the housekeeper's room. If she chose to be a little extravagant now, why should she hesitate? She had not her dearest daughter and grandchildren with her every day (she fell in love with all three of them, and spoiled them as much as they were capable of being spoiled). Besides, in former days I certainly could not accuse her of too much *extravagance*, and this I think was almost the only allusion she made to the pecuniary differences between us. So she had her people dressed in their best, and her best wines, plate, and furniture from Castlewood by sea at no small charge, and her dress in which she had been married in George II.'s reign, and

we all flattered ourselves that our coach made the greatest figure of any except his Excellency's, and we engaged Signor Formicalo, his Excellency's major-domo, to superintend the series of feasts that were given in my honour; and more flesh-pots were set a-stewing in our kitchens in one month, our servants said, than had been known in the family since the young gentlemen went away. So great was Theo's influence over my mother that she actually persuaded her, that year, to receive our sister Fanny, Hal's wife, who would have stayed upon the plantation rather than face Madam Esmond. But, trusting to Theo's promise of amnesty, Fanny (to whose house we had paid more than one visit) came up to town, and made her curtsey to Madam Esmond, and was forgiven. And rather than be forgiven in that way, I own, for my part, that I would prefer perdition or utter persecution.

"You know these, my dear?" says Madam Esmond, pointing to her fine silver sconces. "Fanny hath often cleaned them when she was with me at Castlewood. And this dress, too, Fanny knows, I daresay? Her poor mother had the care of it. I always had the greatest confidence in her."

Here there is wrath flashing from Fanny's eyes, which our mother, who has forgiven her, does not perceive—not she!

"O, she was a treasure to me!" Madam resumes. "I never should have nursed my boys through their illnesses but for your mother's admirable care of them. Colonel Lee, permit me to present you to my daughter, my Lady Warrington. Her ladyship is a neighbour of your relatives the Bunburys at home. Here comes his Excellency. Welcome, my lord!"

And our princess performs before his lordship one of those curtseys of which she was not a little proud; and I fancy I see some of the company venturing to smile.

"By George! madam," says Mr. Lee, "since Count Borulawski, I have not seen a bow so elegant as your ladyship's."

"And pray, sir, who was Count Borulawski?" asks madam.

"He was a nobleman high in favour with his Polish Majesty," replies Mr. Lee. "May I ask you, madam, to present me to your distinguished son?"

"This is Sir George Warrington," says my mother, pointing to me.

"Pardon me, madam. I meant Captain Warrington, who was by Mr. Wolfe's side when he died. I had been contented to share his fate, so I had been near him."

And the ardent Lee swaggers up to Harry, and takes his hand with respect, and pays him a compliment or two, which makes me, at least, pardon him for his late impertinence: for my dearest Hal walks gloomily through his mother's rooms, in his old uniform of the famous corps which he has quitted.

We had had many meetings, which the stern mother could not interrupt, and in which that instinctive love which bound us to one another, and which nothing could destroy, had opportunity to speak.

Entirely unlike each other in our pursuits, our tastes, our opinions—his life being one of eager exercise, active sport, and all the amusements of the field, while mine is to dawdle over books and spend my time in languid self-contemplation—we have, nevertheless, had such a sympathy as almost passes the love of women. My poor Hal confessed as much to me, for his part, in his artless manner, when we went away without wives or womankind, except a few negroes left in the place, and passed a week at Castlewood together.

The Ladies did not love each other. I know enough of my lady Theo, to see after a very few glances whether or not she takes a liking to another of her amiable sex. All my powers of persuasion or command fail to change the stubborn creature's opinion. Had she ever said a word against Mrs. This or Miss That? Not she! Has she been otherwise than civil? No, assuredly! My lady Theo is polite to a beggar-woman, treats her kitchen-maids like duchesses, and murmurs a compliment to the dentist for his elegant manner of pulling her tooth out. She would black my boots, or clean the grate, if I ordained it; (always looking like a duchess the while,) but as soon as I say to her, "My dear creature, be fond of this lady, or t'other!" all obedience ceases; she executes the most refined curtseys; smiles and kisses even to order; but performs that mysterious undefinable free-masonic signal, which passes between women, by which each knows that the other hates her. So, with regard to Fanny, we had met at her house, and at others. I remembered her affectionately from old days, I fully credited poor Hal's violent protests and tearful oaths, that, by George it was our mother's persecution which made him marry her. He couldn't stand by and see a poor thing tortured as she was, without coming to her rescue; no, by heavens, he couldn't! I say I believed all this; and had for my sister-in-law a genuine compassion, as well as an early regard; and yet I had no love to give her; and, in reply to Hal's passionate outbreaks in praise of her beauty and worth, and eager queries to me whether I did not think her a perfect paragon? I could only answer with faint compliments or vague approval, feeling all the while that I was disappointing my poor ardent fellow, and cursing inwardly that revolt against flattery and falsehood into which I sometimes frantically rush. Why should I not say, "Yes, dear Hal, thy wife is a paragon; her singing is delightful, her hair and shape are beautiful;" as I might have said by a little common stretch of politeness? Why could I not cajole this or that stupid neighbour or relative, as I have heard Theo do a thousand times, finding all sorts of lively prattle to amuse them, whilst I sit before them dumb and gloomy? I say it was a sin not to have more words to say in praise of Fanny. We ought to have praised her, we ought to have liked her. My Lady Warrington certainly ought to have liked her, for she can play the hypocrite, and I cannot. And there was this young creature—pretty, graceful, shaped like a nymph, with beautiful black eyes—and we cared for them no more than for two gooseberries!

At Warrington my wife and I, when we pretended to compare notes, elaborately complimented each other on our new sister's beauty. What lovely eyes!—O yes! What a sweet little dimple on her chin! —*Ah, oui!* What wonderful little feet!—Perfectly Chinese! where should we in London get slippers small enough for her? And these compliments exhausted, we knew that we did not like Fanny the value of one penny-piece; we knew that we disliked her; we knew that we ha... Well, what hypocrites women are! We heard from many quarters how eagerly my brother had taken up the new anti-English opinion, and what a champion he was of so-called American rights and freedom. "It is her doing, my dear," says I to my wife. "If I had said so much, I am sure you would have scolded me," says my Lady Warrington, laughing: and I did straightway begin to scold her, and say it was most cruel of her to suspect our new sister; and what earthly right had we to do so? But I say again, I know Madam Theo so well, that when once she has got a prejudice against a person in her little head, not all the king's horses nor all the king's men will get it out again. I vow nothing would induce her to believe that Harry was not hen-pecked—nothing.

Well, we went to Castlewood together without the women, and stayed at the dreary, dear old place, where we had been so happy, and I, at least, so gloomy. It was winter, and duck time, and Harry went away to the river, and shot dozens and scores and bushels of canvass-backs, whilst I remained in my grandfather's library amongst the old mouldering books which I loved in my childhood—which I see in a dim vision still resting on a little boy's lap, as he sits by an old white-headed gentleman's knee. I read my books; I slept in my own bed and room—religiously kept, as my mother told me, and left as on the day when I went to Europe. Hal's cheery voice would wake me, as of old. Like all men who love to go a-field, he was an early riser: he would come and wake me, and sit on the foot of the bed and perfume the air with his morning pipe, as the house negroes laid great logs on the fire. It was a happy time! Old Nathan had told me of cunning crypts where ancestral rum and claret were deposited. We had had cares, struggles, battles, bitter griefs, and disappointments; we were boys again as we sat there together. I am a boy now even, as I think of the time.

That unlucky tea-tax, which alone of the taxes lately imposed upon the colonies, the home government was determined to retain, was met with defiance throughout America. 'Tis true we paid a shilling in the pound at home, and asked only threepence from Boston or Charleston; but as a question of principle, the impost was refused by the provinces, which indeed ever showed a most spirited determination to pay as little as they could help. In Charleston, the tea-ships were unloaded, and the cargoes stored in cellars. From New York and Philadelphia, the vessels were turned back to London. In Boston (where there was an armed force, whom the inhabitants were per-

petually mobbing), certain patriots, painted and disguised as Indians, boarded the ships, and flung the obnoxious cargoes into the water. The wrath of our white Father was kindled against this city of Mohocks in masquerade. The notable Boston Port Bill was brought forward in the British House of Commons; the port was closed, and the Custom House removed to Salem. The Massachusetts Charter was annulled; and,—in just apprehension that riots might ensue, in dealing with the perpetrators of which the colonial courts might be led to act partially, —Parliament decreed that persons indicted for acts of violence and armed resistance, might be sent home, or to another colony, for trial. If such acts set all America in a flame, they certainly drove all well-wishers of our country into a fury. I might have sentenced Master Miles Warrington, at five years old, to a whipping, and he would have cried, taken down his little small-clothes and submitted: but suppose I offered (and he richly deserving it,) to chastise Captain Miles of the Prince's Dragoons? He would whirl my paternal cane out of my hand, box my hair-powder out of my ears. Lord a-mercy! I tremble at the very idea of the controversy! He would *assert his independence* in a word; and if, I say, I think the home Parliament had a right to levy taxes in the colonies, I own that we took means most captious, most insolent, most irritating, and, above all, most impotent, to assert our claim.

My Lord Dunmore, our Governor of Virginia, upon Lord Bottetourt's death, received me into some intimacy soon after my arrival in the colony, being willing to live on good terms with all our gentry. My mother's severe loyalty was no secret to him; indeed, she waved the king's banner in all companies, and talked so loudly and resolutely, that Randolph and Patrick Henry himself were struck dumb before her. It was Madam Esmond's celebrated reputation for loyalty (his Excellency laughingly told me) which induced him to receive her eldest son to grace.

"I have had the worst character of you from home," his lordship said. "Little birds whisper to me, Sir George, that you are a man of the most dangerous principles. You are a friend of Mr. Wilkes and Alderman Beckford. I am not sure you have not been at Medmenham Abbey. You have lived with players, poets, and all sorts of wild people. I have been warned against you, sir, and I find you——"

"Not so black as I have been painted," I interrupted his lordship with a smile.

"Faith," says my lord, "if I tell Sir George Warrington that he seems to me a very harmless, quiet gentleman, and that 'tis a great relief to me to talk to him amidst these loud politicians; these lawyers with their perpetual noise about Greece and Rome; these Virginian squires who are for ever professing their loyalty and respect, whilst they are shaking their fists in my face—I hope nobody overhears us," says my lord, with an arch smile, "and nobody will carry my opinions home."

His lordship's ill opinion having been removed by a better knowledge of me, our acquaintance daily grew more intimate; and, especially between the ladies of his family and my own, a close friendship arose —between them and my wife at least. Hal's wife, received kindly at the little provincial court, as all ladies were, made herself by no means popular there by the hot and eager political tone which she adopted. She assailed all the Government measures with indiscriminating acrimony. Were they lenient? She said the perfidious British Government was only preparing a snare, and biding its time until it could forge heavier chains for unhappy America. Were they angry? Why did not every American citizen rise, assert his rights as a freeman, and serve every British governor, officer, soldier, as they had treated the East India Company's tea? My mother, on the other hand, was pleased to express her opinions with equal frankness, and, indeed, to press her advice upon his Excellency with a volubility which may have fatigued that representative of the Sovereign. Call out the militia; send for fresh troops from New York, from home, from anywhere; lock up the Capitol! (this advice was followed it must be owned) and send every one of the ringleaders amongst those wicked burgesses to prison! was Madam Esmond's daily counsel to the Governor by word and letter. And if not only the burgesses but the burgesses' wives could have been led off to punishment and captivity, I think this Brutus of a woman would scarce have appealed against the sentence.

IMPORTANT FAMILY MEDICINE.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS,

THE

MOST CERTAIN PRESERVER OF HEALTH,

A MILD, YET SPEEDY, SAFE, AND

EFFECTUAL AID IN CASES OF INDIGESTION,

AND ALL STOMACH COMPLAINTS,

AND, AS A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE,

A PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD, AND A SWEETENER OF THE WHOLE SYSTEM.

INDIGESTION is a weakness or want of power of the digestive juices in the stomach to convert what we eat and drink into healthy matter, for the proper nourishment of the whole system. It is caused by everything which weakens the system in general, or the stomach in particular. From it proceed nearly all the diseases to which we are liable; for it is very certain, that if we could always keep the stomach right we should only die by old age or accident. Indigestion produces a great variety of unpleasant sensations: amongst the most prominent of its miserable effects are a want of, or an inordinate appetite, sometimes attended with a constant craving for drink, a distension or feeling of enlargement of the stomach, flatulency, heartburn, pains in the stomach, acidity, unpleasant taste in the mouth, perhaps sickness, rumbling noise in the bowels: in some cases of depraved digestion there is nearly a complete disrelish for food, but still the appetite is not greatly impaired, as at the stated period of meals persons so afflicted can eat heartily, although without much gratification; a long train of nervous symptoms are also frequent attendants, general debility, great languidness, and incapacity for exertion. The minds of persons so afflicted frequently become irritable and desponding, and great anxiety is observable in the countenance; they appear thoughtful, melancholy, and dejected, under great apprehension of some imaginary danger, will start at any unexpected noise or occurrence, and become so agitated that they require some time to calm and collect themselves; yet for all this the mind is exhilarated without much difficulty; pleasing events, society, will for a time dissipate all appearance of disease; but the excitement produced by an agreeable change vanishes soon after the cause has gone by. Other symptoms are, violent palpitations, restlessness, the sleep disturbed by frightful dreams and startings, and affording little or no refreshment; occasionally there is much moaning, with a sense of weight and oppression upon the chest, nightmare, &c.

It is almost impossible to enumerate all the symptoms of this first invader upon the constitution, as in a hundred cases of *Indigestion* there will probably be something peculiar to each; but, be they what they may, they are all occasioned by the food becoming a burden rather than a support to the stomach; and in all its stages the medicine most wanted is that which will afford speedy and effectual assistance to the digestive organs, and give energy to the nervous and muscular systems,—nothing can more speedily or with more certainty effect so desirable an object than *Norton's Extract of Camomile Flowers*. The herb has from time immemorial been highly esteemed in England as a grateful anodyne, imparting an aromatic bitter to the taste, and a pleasing degree of warmth and strength to the stomach; and in all cases of indigestion, gout in the stomach, windy colic, and general weakness, it has for ages been strongly recommended by the most eminent practitioners as very useful and beneficial. The great, indeed only, objection to its use has been the large quantity of water which it takes to dissolve a small part of the flower and which must be taken with it into t

stomach. It requires a quarter of a pint of boiling water to dissolve the soluble portion of one drachm of Camomile Flowers; and, when one or even two ounces may be taken with advantage, it must at once be seen how impossible it is to take a proper dose of this wholesome herb in the form of tea; and the only reason why it has not long since been placed the very first in rank of all restorative medicines is, that in taking it the stomach has always been loaded with water, which tends in a great measure to counteract, and very frequently wholly to destroy the effect. It must be evident that loading a weak stomach with a large quantity of water, merely for the purpose of conveying into it a small quantity of medicine must be injurious; and that the medicine must possess powerful renovating properties only to counteract the bad effects likely to be produced by the water. Generally speaking, this has been the case with Camomile Flowers, a herb possessing the highest restorative qualities, and when properly taken, decidedly the most speedy restorer, and the most certain preserver of health.

These PILLS are wholly CAMOMILE, prepared by a peculiar process, accidentally discovered, and known only to the proprietor, and which he firmly believes to be one of the most valuable modern discoveries in medicine, by which all the essential and extractive matter of more than an ounce of the flowers is concentrated in four moderate-sized pills. Experience has afforded the most ample proof that they possess all the fine aromatic and stomachic properties for which the herb has been esteemed; and, as they are taken into the stomach unencumbered by any diluting or indigestible substance, in the same degree has their benefit been more immediate and decided. Mild in their operation and pleasant in their effect, they may be taken at any age, and under any circumstance, without danger or inconvenience. A person exposed to cold and wet a whole day or night could not possibly receive any injury from taking them, but, on the contrary, they would effectually prevent a cold being taken. After a long acquaintance with and strict observance of the medicinal properties of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, it is only doing them justice to say, that they are really the most valuable of all Tonic Medicines. By the word tonic is meant a medicine which gives strength to the stomach sufficient to digest in proper quantities all wholesome food, which increases the power of every nerve and muscle of the human body, or, in other words, invigorates the nervous and muscular systems. The solidity or firmness of the whole tissue of the body which so quickly follows the use of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, their certain and speedy effects in repairing the partial dilapidations from time or intemperance, and their lasting salutary influence on the whole frame, is more convincing, that in the smallest compass is contained the largest quantity of the tonic principle, of so peculiar a nature as to pervade the whole system, through which it diffuses health and strength sufficient to resist the formation of disease, and also to fortify the constitution against contagion; as such, their general use is strongly recommended as a preventative during the prevalence or malignant fever or other infectious diseases, and to persons attending sick rooms they are invaluable as in no one instance have they ever failed in preventing the taking of illness, even under the most trying circumstances.

As *Norton's Camomile Pills* are particularly recommended for all stomach complaints or indigestion, it will probably be expected that some advice should be given respecting diet, though after all that has been written upon the subject, after the publication of volume upon volume, after the country has, as it were, been inundated with practical essays on diet as a means of prolonging life, it would be unnecessary to say more, did we not feel it our duty to make the humble endeavour of inducing the public to regard them not, but to adopt that course which is dictated by nature, by reason, and by common sense. Those persons who study the wholesomes, and are governed by the opinions of writers on diet, are uniformly both unhealthy in body and weak in mind. There can be no doubt that the palate is designed to inform us what is proper for the stomach, and of course that must best instruct us what food to take and what to avoid: we want no other adviser. Nothing can be more clear than that those articles which are agreeable to the taste were by nature intended for our food and sustenance, whether liquid or solid, foreign or of native production: if they are pure and unadulterated, no harm need be dreaded by their

use; they will only injure by abuse. Consequently, whatever the palate approves, eat and drink always in moderation, but never in excess; keeping in mind that the first process of digestion is performed in the mouth, the second in the stomach; and that, in order that the stomach may be able to do its work properly, it is requisite the first process should be well performed: this consists in masticating or chewing the solid food, so as to break down and separate the fibres and small substances of meat and vegetables, mixing them well, and blending the whole together before they are swallowed; and it is particularly urged upon all to take plenty of time to their meals and never eat in haste. If you conform to this short and simple, but comprehensive advice, and find that there are various things which others eat and drink with pleasure and without inconvenience, and which would be pleasant to yourself only that they disagree, you may at once conclude that the fault is in the stomach, that it does not possess the power which it ought to do, that it wants assistance, and the sooner that assistance is afforded the better. A very short trial of this medicine will best prove how soon it will put the stomach in a condition to perform with ease all the work which nature intended for it. By its use you will soon be able to enjoy, in moderation, whatever is agreeable to the taste, and unable to name one individual article of food which disagrees with or sits unpleasantly on the stomach. Never forget that a small meal well digested affords more nourishment to the system than a large one, even of the same food, when digested imperfectly. Let the dish be ever so delicious, ever so enticing a variety offered, the bottle ever so enchanting, never forget that temperance tends to preserve health, and that health is the soul of enjoyment. But should an impropriety be at any time, or ever so often committed, by which the stomach becomes overloaded or disordered, render it immediate aid by taking a dose of *Norton's Camomile Pills*, which will so promptly assist in carrying off the burden thus imposed upon it that all will soon be right again.

It is most certainly true that every person in his lifetime consumes a quantity of noxious matter, which if taken at one meal would be fatal: it is these small quantities of noxious matter, which are introduced into our food, either by accident or wilful adulteration, which we find so often upset the stomach, and not unfrequently lay the foundation of illness, and perhaps final ruination to health. To preserve the constitution, it should be our constant care, if possible, to counteract the effect of these small quantities of unwholesome matter; and, whenever, in that way, an enemy to the constitution finds its way into the stomach, a friend should be immediately sent after it, which would prevent its mischievous effects, and expel it altogether; no better friend can be found, nor one which will perform the task with greater certainty than NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS. And let it be observed that the longer this medicine is taken the less it will be wanted; it can in no case become habitual, as its entire action is to give energy and force to the stomach, which is the spring of life, the source from which the whole frame draws its succour and support. After an excess of eating or drinking, and upon every occasion of the general health being at all disturbed, these PILLS should be immediately taken, as they will stop and eradicate disease at its commencement. Indeed, it is most confidently asserted, that by the timely use of this medicine only, and a common degree of caution, any person may enjoy all the comforts within his reach, may pass through life without an illness, and with the certainty of attaining a healthy OLD AGE.

On account of their volatile properties, they must be kept in bottles; and if closely corked their qualities are neither impaired by time nor injured by any change of climate whatever. Price 13½d. and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions. The large bottle contains the quantity of three small ones, or PILLS equal to fourteen ounces of CAMOMILE FLOWERS.

Sold by nearly all respectable Medicine Vendors.

Be particular to ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION!!!

GODFREY'S

EXTRACT OF ELDER FLOWERS

Is strongly recommended for Softening, Improving, Beautifying and Preserving the SKIN, and giving it a blooming and charming appearance. It will completely remove Tan, Sunburn, Redness, &c., and by its Balsamic and Healing qualities render the skin soft, pliable, and free from dryness, &c., clear it from every humour, pimple, or eruption; and by continuing its use only a short time, the skin will become and continue soft and smooth, and the complexion perfectly clear and beautiful.

Sold in Bottles, price 2s. 9d., by all Medicine Vendors and Perfumers.

FOR GOUT, RHEUMATISM AND RHEUMATIC GOUT.

SIMCO'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS

are a certain and safe remedy. They restore tranquillity to the nerves, give tone to the stomach, and strength to the whole system. No other medicine can be compared to these excellent Pills, as they prevent the disorder from attacking the stomach or head, and have restored thousands from pain and misery to health and comfort.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. or 2s. 9d. per box.

INFLUENZA, COUGHS, AND COLDS.

SIMCO'S ESSENCE OF LINSEED

is the most efficacious remedy ever discovered for the relief of persons suffering from Influenza; the first two doses generally arrest the progress of this distressing complaint, and a little perseverance completely removes it. Children's Coughs, as well as recent ones in Adults, will be removed by a few doses (frequently by the first); and Asthmatic persons, who previously had not been able to lie down in bed, have received the utmost benefit from the use of

SIMCO'S ESSENCE OF LINSEED.

Sold in Bottles at 1*s.* 1½*d.*, and 2*s.* 9*d.* each.

MAPPIN'S CUTLERY & ELECTRO-SILVER PLATE.

MESSRS. MAPPIN BROTHERS,

MANUFACTURERS BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO THE QUEEN,

Are the only Sheffield makers who supply the consumer direct in London. Their London Show-Rooms, 67 and 68, King William Street, London Bridge, contain by far the largest stock of Cutlery and Electro-Silver Plate in the world, which is transmitted direct from their manufactory, Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

ELECTRO-SILVER SPOONS & FORKS,

FULL SIZE.

	Fiddle Pattern. £ s. d.	Double Thread. £ s. d.	King's Pattern. £ s. d.	Lily Pattern. £ s. d.
12 Table Forks, best quality	1 16 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Table Spoons do.	1 16 0	2 14 0	3 0 0	3 12 0
12 Dessert Forks do.	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Dessert Spoons do.	1 7 0	2 0 0	2 4 0	2 14 0
12 Tea Spoons do.	0 16 0	1 4 0	1 7 0	1 16 0
2 Sauce Ladles do.	0 8 0	0 10 0	0 11 0	0 13 0
1 Gravy Spoon do.	0 7 0	0 10 6	0 11 0	0 13 0
4 Salt Spoons (gilt bowls)	0 6 8	0 10 0	0 12 0	0 14 0
1 Mustard Spoon do.	0 1 8	0 2 6	0 3 0	0 3 6
1 Pair Sugar Tongs do.	0 3 6	0 5 6	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Pair Fish Carvers do.	1 0 0	1 10 0	1 14 0	1 18 0
1 Butter Knife do.	0 3 0	0 5 0	0 6 0	0 7 0
1 Soup Ladle do.	0 12 0	0 16 0	0 17 6	1 0 0
6 Egg Spoons (gilt) do.	0 10 0	0 15 0	0 18 0	1 1 0
Complete Service .	£10 13 10	15 16 6	17 13 6	21 4 6

Any article can be had separately at the same prices.

One set of 4 Corner Dishes (forming 8 Dishes), £8 8s.; One Set of 4 Dish Covers—viz., one 20-inch, one 18-inch, and two 14-inch—£10 10s.; Cruet Frame, 4 Glass, 24s.; Full-size Tea and Coffee Service, £9 10s. A Costly Book of Engravings, with Prices attached, may be had on application.

	Ordinary Quality. £ s. d.	Medium Quality. £ s. d.	Best Quality. £ s. d
Two Dozen Full-Size Table Knives, Ivory Handles	2 4 0	3 6 0	4 12 0
1½ Doz. Full-Size Cheese ditto .	1 4 0	1 14 6	2 11 0
One Pair Regular Meat Carvers .	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
One Pair Extra-Sized ditto . .	0 8 6	0 12 0	0 16 6
One Pair Poultry Carvers . .	0 7 6	0 11 0	0 15 6
One Steel for Sharpening . .	0 3 0	0 4 0	0 6 0
Complete Service .	£4 16 0	6 18 6	9 16 6

Messrs. Mappin's Table Knives still maintain their unrivalled superiority; all their blades being their own Sheffield manufacture, are of the very first quality, with secure Ivory Handles, which do not come loose in hot water; and the difference in price is occasioned solely by the superior quality and thickness of the Ivory Handles.

MAPPIN BROTHERS, 67 and 68, King William-street, City, London; Manufactory, Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

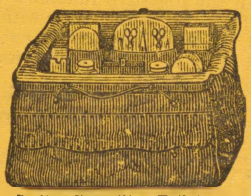
MAPPIN'S POCKET KNIVES, PRUNING-KNIVES, SCISSORS, &c.,

In every variety, warranted good by the Makers.

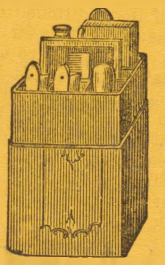
MESSRS. MAPPIN'S

DRESSING CASES AND TRAVELLING BAGS,

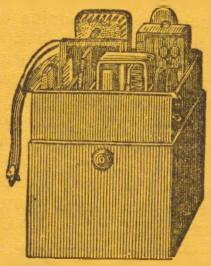
SENT DIRECT FROM THEIR MANUFACTORY.



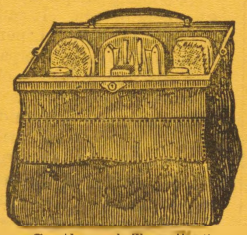
Ladies' Travelling Toilette and Dressing-Bag, fitted complete, £4 15s.



Mappin's Gentlemen's Dressing-Case, fitted complete, £1 1s.



Mappin's Solid Leather Dressing-Case, fitted complete, £2 2s.



Gentlemen's Travelling Dressing-Bag, fitted complete, £4 8s.

Messrs. MAPPIN BROTHERS respectfully invite buyers to inspect their unprecedented display, which, for beauty of design, exquisite workmanship, and novelty, stands unrivalled. Their Illustrated Catalogue, which is continually receiving additions of new designs, will be forwarded post free on application.

MAPPIN BROTHERS,

Queen's Cutlery Works, Sheffield; and 67, King William Street, London,

WHERE THE STOCK IS SENT DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTORY.

50,000 CURES

Have been effected without medicine, inconvenience, or expense, of Indigestion (dyspepsia), constipation, flatulency, phlegm, nervousness, biliousness, liver complaints, hysteria, neuralgia, sleeplessness, acidity, palpitation, heartburn, eruptions, impurities, irritability, low spirits, diarrhœa, dysentery, hemorrhoids, headache, noises in the head and ears, debility, despondency, cramps, spasms, nausea and sickness (during pregnancy or at sea), sinking fits, cough, asthma, bronchitis, consumption, also Children's complaints, are effectually removed by

DU BARRY'S DELICIOUS HEALTH-RESTORING REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD,

Which saves 50 times its cost in other remedies, and restores the faculty of digestion, and nervous and muscular energy to the most enfeebled.

We extract a few out of the many thousand expressions of gratitude from invalids thus cured:

Cure No. 71, of Dyspepsia, from the Right Hon. the Lord Stuart de Decies. "Dromana, Cappoquin, County Waterford. I have derived considerable benefit from Du Barry's Revalenta Arabica Food, and consider it due to yourselves and the public to authorise the publication of these lines. Stuart de Decies."

Cure No. 49,832. "Fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness at the stomach and vomiting, have been removed by Du Barry's excellent Food. Maria Joly, Wortham Ling, near Diss, Norfolk."

Cure No. 53,816, Field Marshall the Duke of Pluskow, of dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness, and liver complaints, which had resisted all baths and medical treatment.

Cure No. 47,121. Miss Elizabeth Jacobs, of Nazing Vicarage, Waltham Cross, Herts, of extreme nervousness, indigestion, gatherings, low spirits, and nervous fancies.

Cure No. 48,314. Miss Elizabeth Yeoman, Gateacre, near Liverpool, of ten years' dyspepsia, and all the horrors of nervous irritability.

Cure No 18,216. Dr. Andrew Ure, of constipation, dyspepsia, nervous irritability.

Cure No. 34,210. Dr. Shorland, of dropsy and debility.

Cure No. 36,212. Captain Allan, of epileptic fits.

Cure No. 42,116. Major Edie, of liver and kidney disease, and total prostration of strength.

Cure No. 36,418. Rev. Dr. Minster, of cramps, spasms, and daily vomitings.

Cure No. 26,418. Dr. Harvey, of diarrhœa and debility.

Cure No. 39 628. Dr. Wurtzer, of consumption.

Cure No. 32,880. William Hunt, Esq., Barrister, of paralysis.

Cure No. 46,270. Mr. James Roberts, Timber Merchant, of Frimley, of thirty years' diseased lungs, spitting of blood, liver derangement, partial deafness.

Cure No. 180. "Twenty-five years' nervousness, constipation, indigestion, and debility, from which I have suffered great misery, and which no medicine could remove or relieve, have been effectually cured by Du Barry's Food in a very short time. W. B. Reeves, 181, Fleet-street, London."

Cure No. 4,208. "Eight years' dyspepsia, nervousness, debility, with cramps, spasms, and nausea, have been effectually cured by Du Barry's health-restoring Food. Rev. John W. Flavell, Ridlington Rectory, Norfolk."

Cure No. 3,906. "Thirteen years' cough, indigestion, and general debility, have been removed by Du Barry's excellent Food. James Porter, Athol-street, Perth."

Suitably packed for all climates, and with full instructions. In canisters, 1 lb. 2s. 9d.; 2 lb 4s. 6d.: 5 lb. 11s.; 12 lb. 22s.; Super-refined quality, 10 lb. 33s. The 10 lb. and 12 lb. Canisters are forwarded carriage free, on receipt of Post office order.

BARRY DU BARRY & Co., 77, Regent-street, London; Fortnum, Mason, and Co., Purveyors to Her Majesty, 182, Piccadilly; Abbis & Co., 60, Gracechurch-street, 63 and 150, Oxford-street; 330, Strand; and through all Grocers and Chemists in town and Country.

RAREY'S HORSE AND CATTLE IMPROVING FOOD.

Is equally adapted to improve the stamina of ill-conditioned Horses, Cows, Bullocks, Calves, Sheep, and Pigs. It causes no extra expense, as it contains far more and better nourishment than its cost of 1½d. per feed supplies in corn or hay; hence ensures an actual saving in the keep. But its principal advantages are a great improvement in the digestive functions, the stamina and general condition of horses, enabling them to perform far more labour without getting distressed. It imparts new vigour to sick, debilitated, or old apparently worn out horses, and it puts rapidly the finest flesh on cattle generally, and improves the milk in cows, as it enables them to extract the entire nourishment out of everything they feed on.

RAREY & Co., 77, Regent's Quadrant, Piccadilly, London. Packed in Tins of about 90 feed, 11s.; in Casks of about 450 feed. 50s.; of about 1000 feed, £5, being about 1¼d. per feed. Tins and Casks forwarded on receipt of Post-office Order.

DR. PALLACE'S PILLS AND OINTMENT

Are prepared upon scientific principles without mercury, to prevent the danger and injury resulting from quack preparations; they purify, regulate, and strengthen the system, and cure effectually dyspepsia (bad digestion), bile, flatulency, constipation, liver and stomach complaints, and all internal disorders; and the OINTMENT heals sores, wounds, ulcers, boils, burns, carbuncles, chaps, pimples, diseases of the scalp, &c. Both Pills and Ointment are carefully packed for all climates, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d.; or free by post on receipt of stamps, 1s. 4d., 3s. 1d., or 4s. 10d.

London Agents, HANNAY, 63, Oxford-street; SANGER, 150, Oxford-street, and may be ordered through all Medicine vendors.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.